The Relief Society Magazine

April 1928

Vol. XV No. 4

Merit Bread

Best Quality and Full Weight

Utah Products Used Exclusively In Our Bakery

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

Winter Excursion Fares

VIA SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

To LOS ANGELES AND RETURN BOTH WAYS via SAN FRANCISCO $50.50

To LOS ANGELES via SAN FRANCISCO returning direct or route reversed $58.00

Proportionately low fares from all other points in UTAH, IDAHO and MONTANA. STOPOVERS ALLOWED AT ALL POINTS.

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY
FINAL RETURN LIMIT 8 MONTHS

For further information CALL, WRITE or PHONE

PRESS BANCROFT, GENERAL AGENT

41 SO. MAIN ST. SALT LAKE CITY

PHONES WAS. 3008—3078

Nobody can stop loss. Everybody can avoid it through

INSURANCE

When you come here for insurance you get it, coupled with attentive experienced service. This is an agency of the *Utah Home Fire Insurance Co.*

UTAH HOME-FIRE INSURANCE CO.

HEBER J. GRANT & CO., General Agents, Salt Lake City, Utah

Z. C. M. I.

Mountaineer Overalls

STRONG
SEAMS

MOUNTAINEER
OVERALLS

Are made from first quality Denim,—
guaranteed for quality, fit and service

Something Different

The Spring-O-All Suspender

No Rubber to Rot, Nothing to Wear Out

Reasons Why You Should Use

UTAH SUGAR

FIRST: It has no superior *for any purpose* even though the *price* is LOWER.

SECOND: Cash so expended remains at home.

THIRD: Farmers participate in savings effected which Benefit You.

Encourage Home Consumption

Encourage Growing of Sugar Beets

Support of our State Means

PROSPERITY FOR ALL

L. D. S. GARMENTS

DIRECT FROM FACTORY

You are guaranteed *unusual* wear and satisfaction from Cutler Garments. Return them for full refund if they do not give this required service. Cutler Underwear has maintained the highest standard of quality for over twenty **years.**

No. 68 Lt. wt. ladies' new style	$ .75
No. 74 Lt. weight combed	1.15
No. 64 Medium weight	1.45
No. 76 Lt. weight lisle	1.45
No. 62 Medium heavy	1.70
No. 61 Med. hvy. unbleached with double back	1.70
No. 56 Heavy weight	2.15
No. 27 Med. heavy, ½ wool	3.35
No. 39 Extra heavy, ½ wool	3.85

Please state whether for men or women—new or old style
Postage prepaid

Pay Cash—Cash Pays

Cutler's
36 So. Main
Service Since 1877

Building Real Men and Women

The young men and the young women of the State of Utah, are entitled to excellent general and professional training. This, they receive at the *University of Utah.* In addition, Utah's highest institution of learning is interested in developing character and leadership. This, they are also doing.

SPECIAL SUMMER WORK

The 1928 Summer School will find special emphasis on the character building side of educational work. For those who desire this type of work, Dr. Edith Swift Hale, Dr. Daisy A. Hetherington and Dr. Henry Neumann, all of New York, will present intensive courses in social and character education.

These special courses are in addition to the usual rich selection of summer work, which this year will be crystallized into one term of six weeks.

One Term: June 11th to July 20th.

Fees (including student) $20.00.

Complete Summer Catalog Will be Issued in April

University of Utah

SALT LAKE CITY

L. D. S. GARMENTS

Good grade, and well made. When ordering, state Size, New or Old Style, and if for man or lady. Postage prepaid. Sample on request.

142 Flat Weave, Lt. Weight....$ .95
208 Carded Cotton, Med. Lt..... 1.45
32 Combed Cotton, Light Wt.. 1.50
222 Cotton, Rayon Stripes..... 1.65
258 Double Card. Cot., Med. Wt. 1.95
628 Merc. Lisle, Light Wt..... 250
108 Unbleached Cot., Med. Wt... 1.85
264 Rayon Silk $3.50
217 Fine Lisle, Rayon Stripe.... 2.25
748 Unbleached Cot., Hvy. Wt... 2.00
754 Bleached Cot., Hvy. Wt..... 2.25
908 Unbleached Cot., Ex. Hvy. 2.75
1072 Mixed Wool and Cotton.....4.00

BARTON & CO.

Established in Utah 45 Years

142 WEST SOUTH TEMPLE ST. **Salt Lake City, Utah**

LATTER-DAY SAINT GARMENTS

At Factory-to-Customer Prices
The following numbers are made in old or new style for either Men or Women

1 Ribbed light weight cotton, with Rayon silk stripe. An exellent ladies' number (new style only).....$1.25
2 Ribbed light weight cotton. Our standard summer weight (old style only)....$1.25
3 Ribbed medium weight cotton bleached. Our all season number $1.75
4 Ribbed heavy weight, unbleached cotton. Our double back number $2.25
5 Part wool, ribbed, unbleached. Our best selling wool number.....$3.00
6 High grade Rayon Tricosham silk. For particular people $4.00
7 Pure worsted wool with Silkine Mercerized cotton. Our best medium winter number $5.75
8 Ribbed heavy weight, unbleached cotton and wool. Our 50% wool number.....$5.75
9 Ribbed medium weight, wool and cotton. Our light weight, winter number.....$4.75

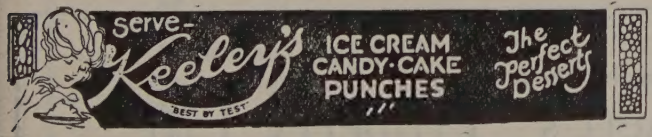
In ordering be sure and specify whether Old or New Style Garments, three-quarter, or ankle length legs, short or long sleeves are wanted. Also give bust measure and height and weight to insure a perfect fit.

Mail Orders Filled Promptly

THE ORIGINAL

UTAH WOOLEN MILLS

Briant Stringham, Manager **28 Richards Street**
½ Block South of Temple Gate



Special Sunday Bricks and Neopolitan Bricks 25c pt., 50c qt. Call Your Keeley's Dealer. Extra packed in ice.

TEMPLE AND BURIAL CLOTHES

COMPLETE SUITS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Variety of Grades and Prices. Prompt and Careful Attention To Mail—Telephone—Telegraph Orders
Open Daily, 9 a. m.—5 p. m.

GENERAL BOARD RELIEF SOCIETY
Phone Wasatch 3286, 29 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Ask for one of our folders describing the different services we offer.

Troy
LAUNDRY

Hyland 190 *Distinctive Work* Office 319 S. Main St.

The Home Beautiful

Nothing is of greater help to make a home attractive, cozy, and really comfortable than Good Lighting Fixtures, properly placed.

House-Cleaning time is the best time to improve on your Lighting Equipment. Good, up to date fixtures are lower priced than ever; and we have a big selection to choose from. Let us help you to beautify your home.

Modern Electric Co.

"The Hotpoint Shop"

Was. 2307 128 South State

Electrical Dealers and Contractors

We should'a drunk more milk when we wuz kids-

YOUNG SAMSON knows what he's aiming at—a bottle of our rich, creamy milk. It's a ringer every time, and the prize is health.

CLOVER LEAF DAIRY

159 W. 1st So. Was. 2177

April This is "Bedrooms" month in the "Year-round Painting Program" featuring

Bennett's "Property Life Insurance" Products

Made by

BENNETT GLASS & PAINT COMPANY

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH POCATELLO, IDAHO

The Relief Society Magazine

CONTENTS

Vol. XV APRIL, 1928 No. 4

One of the Tombs of the Kings..Frontispiece
Ere the Roses Bloom...Alveretta S. Engar 177
The Christ of the Book of Mormon.....
.....John Henry Evans 179
Flowers .....Sarah Leggett Phelps 190
A Visit to the Relief Societies of the French Mission ....May Booth Talmage 191
Dr. Emmeline B. Wells 199
Charity .....Elva P. Bushman 202
Editorial—The First Editor's Birthday... 203
The Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon 204
The Purchasing of the Hill Cumorah.. 205
Cooperation from the Northern States Mission 206
Mrs. Jeanette A. Hyde Visits Utah... 206
President Williams Expresses Appreciation 207
The Abundant Harvest..Mary Hale Woolsey 208
Soil for Potted Plants.....
.....Dr. Thomas L. Martin 216
Notes from the Field..Amy Brown Lyman 218
Guide Lessons for June 221

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Room 20 Bishop's Bldg. Salt Lake City, Utah

$1.00 a Year—Single Copy, 10c

Foreign, $1.25 a Year—15c Single Copy

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah

Phone Wasatch 3123

VOL. XV APRIL, 1928 NO. 4

QUAKING ASPENS—BY HAFEN

Ere the Roses Bloom

By Alveretta S. Engar

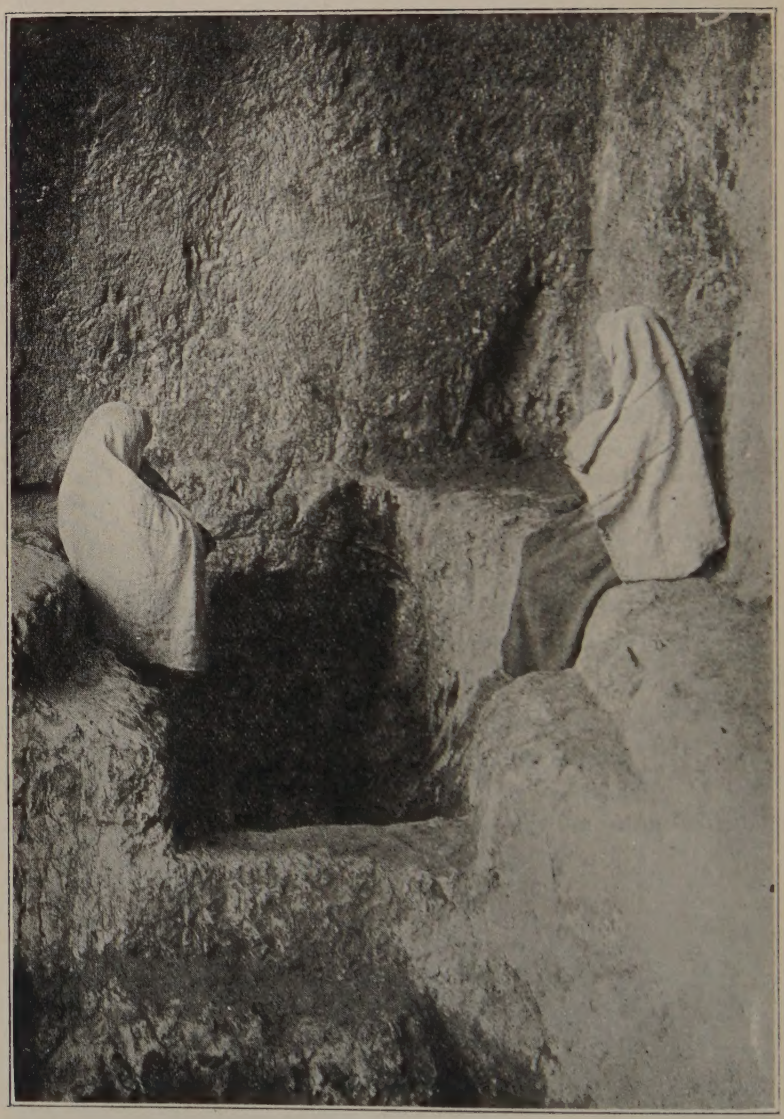
(Third poem to receive honorable mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest.)

The time will come when we must part,
When all the ties that bind my heart
To every room, and flower, and tree
Of this dear home must severed be,
Ah, let it be before the roses bloom
In June.

Within these walls I've dreamed my dreams
And know the joy that realizing brings,
The comfort of the hearthside throng,
The solace of the fireside song,
Ah, let it echo till the roses bloom
In June.

I've known the pain of hopes deferred
That one time all my being stirred,
All these, and more, have touched my heart,
And yet the time is all too short
Till we must part, before the roses bloom
In June.

Ere fragrant roses pink and red
Again adorn the garden bed
In a riotous mass of bloom,
Intoxicating with perfume,
Ah, let me go before the roses bloom
In June.



ONE OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS WITH THE STONE ROLLED AWAY
PALESTINE, JERUSALEM

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XV APRIL, 1928 No. 4

The Christ of the Book of Mormon

By John Henry Evans

Jesus Christ is the outstanding historical figure in our annals—greater than Confucius, or Buddha, or Aristotle, or Mohammed, or Moses, or Shakespeare, or Luther, or Washington or Lincoln. And these were the foremost men of their time. Yet, largely as they bulk against the horizon, each in his individual setting and work, these figures shrivel into insignificance when we mention their names in the same breath as that of the mighty Galilean. His influence is felt more or less in every good thought we think and every good deed we do today after nearly two thousand years, and that influence promises to be greater in the coming years. Any document, therefore, that can help us to visualize more clearly this greatest character among men, is valuable beyond estimation.

Now, the Book of Mormon does this very thing. It gives us a closer and a fuller view of the Jehovah of the Old Testament, and during a longer period than does the Old Testament. It supplies us with fresh, first-hand, and some extremely picturesque details of his ministry on earth. And it brings into greater clearness what is merely hinted at or vaguely suggested in the Hebrew Scriptures respecting his relation to us and the world.

I purpose, then, in this article to assemble the ideas and scenes, now scattered throughout the Nephite Record, which bear in any way on the subject of the Christ, whether before or during or after his appearance in the flesh, so as to show what light that volume throws upon the personality and work and position of Jesus in the history of this planet. Of course, such a presentation can hope to be nothing more pretentious than a sketching in of these newer details. But it will serve to show that the Book of Mormon has something of real worth to contribute to our picture of the Master.

I

His Pre-earth Life—The Bible

And first let me speak of the light which the Nephite Record throws upon the pre-earth life of our Savior.

Clear as is the idea in the mind of the informed Latter-day Saint that Christ had a spirit-existence before he tabernacled in the flesh, yet the clearness of this notion comes, not from the Hebrew writings, but mainly from the Book of Mormon.

The Old Testament, as a matter of fact, is all but silent on the point. In the biblical account of the creation the word "Elohim" is used, which is plural. This fact implies—but it is only an implication—that there were more than one person taking part in that event. Who were they? For an answer to this question we must go to John's Gospel. One of them was Jesus, for he is there spoken of as having been with the Father "in the beginning." But we should never have come by this light from the account of the event in Genesis alone. That is about as clear a reference as we have in the Old Testament of the ante-mortal existence of Christ. It is true, also, that we have the name Jehovah employed constantly by the writers of the Old Testament as the title of the God of the Israelites. But here again it requires the application of other passages before we can conclude that this is Christ, not to speak of the difficulty of inferring how he could have existed before he was born! Hence we are justified in saying that the pre-mortal life of Jesus is only vaguely hinted at in the pages of the Old Testament.

That existence is clearer, but not much clearer, in the New Testament. The passage in John's record of Christ's life I have already called attention to. The exact wording of that passage will show just how clearly the idea is set forth. "In the beginning," John says, "was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. * * * All things were made by him. In him was life, and the life was the light of men. * * * And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." This, as we shall see later, is not the clear, direct statement that we find in the Book of Mormon. Yet it is the clearest we have in the New Testament, if we except the one we have by the Son of God himself, in which he prays for the glory he had with the Father "before the world was." These two references are by far the most specific and positive, made quite incidentally of the pre-earth life of the Christ.

His Pre-earth Life—Book of Mormon

Contrast these with the record of incidents and the pos-

itive declarations on the subject in the Nephite Record.

The first reference comes from the account of Ether in that volume. Moriancumer, the brother of Jared, is in need of some means of lighting the eight barges he has made under divine direction for crossing the ocean. He ends by taking sixteen small stones, "white and clear and transparent as glass," up to a mountain. These he prays for the Lord to "touch with his finger and prepare them that they might shine forth in darkness." When the Lord does so, the "veil is taken from off the eyes of the brother of Jared, and he sees the finger of the Lord, that it is as the finger of a man, like unto flesh and blood. And he falls down before the Lord, for he is struck with fear."

"Why hast thou fallen?" inquires the Lord.

"Because," answered Moriancumer, "I saw the finger of the Lord, and I feared lest he should smite me. For I knew not that the Lord had flesh and blood."

And the Lord said, "Because of thy faith thou hast seen that I shall take upon me flesh and blood. Never has man come before me with such exceeding faith as thou hast. For were it not so, thou couldst not have seen my finger. Sawest thou more than this?"

"Nay, Lord. Show thyself unto me!"

And "the Lord showed himself unto him," saying, "Because thou knowest these things, thou art redeemed from the fall. Therefore thou art brought back into my presence, and I show myself unto thee. Behold, I am he who was prepared from the foundation of the world to redeem my people. I am Jesus Christ. In me shall all mankind have light and that eternally, even they who shall believe on my name, and they shall become my sons and daughters. * * * Seest thou that thou art created after mine own image? This body, which thou now beholdest, is the body of my spirit. Man have I created after the body of my spirit. Even as I appear unto thee to be in the spirit, will I appear unto my people in the flesh."

It is clear from this luminous incident, first, that Jesus Christ existed before his incarnation in the flesh and his appearance on the earth in a physical body; secondly, that the form in which he existed was the same as that which he took in the fleshly tabernacle, only it was spirit instead of flesh; and, thirdly, that he created man in spirit-form, the same form that his own spirit bore, and the form, moreover, of which man's physical body is the counterpart, leaving us to infer that man also, as to his spirit, had a pre-earth life. This incident, therefore, throws a spotlight upon what has hitherto been a very dark area.

Another striking passage, almost as luminous and equally clear and definite, is from the account in the Book of Mormon of the predictions of the Lamanite prophet Samuel and their fulfilment.

Those who are acquainted with the circumstances will recall that Samuel went to Zarahemla for the purpose of preaching to the Nephites there, who were fast dwindling in their religious faith, and that, failing to regain entrance into the place, he delivered his message in a picturesque fashion from the ramparts that surrounded the town. In five years, he told the people, "the Son of God cometh to redeem all those who shall believe on his name." And he gave them a sign by which they might know that Christ was born across the waters among the Jews. It was that there should be "one day and a night and a day as if it were one day, without darkness between daylight, that is, for a period of about thirty-six hours. Also a new star should appear, one that had not been seen before, with "many signs and wonders in heaven."

As the time approached for the sign to appear, and it did not appear, the unbelievers scoffed and threatened, and the believers, on their part, became alarmed for their very lives. At this time a prophet named Nephi, "cried mightily unto his God" in behalf of the faithful.

He was answered by the voice of the Lord—"Lift up your head and be of good cheer, for, behold, the time is at hand. On this night shall the sign be given, and on the morrow come I into the world, to show unto the world all that which I have caused to be spoken by the mouth of my holy prophets. Behold, I come unto my own, to fulfil all things which I have made known unto the children of men, from the foundation of the world, and to do the will, both of the Father and of the Son; of the Father because of me, and of the Son because of my flesh."

No language could be clearer or more definite and specific as to the pre-earth existence of the Christ than this passage and the passage from the Jaredite record, previously given. The fact of that existence is stated beyond all possibility of quibble or misunderstanding—which is not the case, as we have seen, in the Hebrew Scriptures. To be sure, one may dispute the authenticity of the assertion itself for the divine inspiration claimed for it, but one may not deny its clearness, or its positiveness, or its definiteness of utterance.

II

The Book of Mormon also throws a flood of light on the deityship of Jesus Christ. And, as in the case of his antemortal existence, the value of this additional light is not that

it gives anything altogether new but that it brings into relief and greater plainness what is rather suggested than asserted in the New Testament.

Christ's Godhood—The Bible

On this subject of the godhead of Christ there are only implications in the Old Testament—the use of the word "Elohim" in the account of the creation, for instance, and of the word "Jehovah" as the designation of the God of the Hebrew people. Nor is the New Testament altogether unambiguous on the point. Christ speaks of himself as greater than Abraham and Moses, but one need not infer from this that he was divine in the accepted sense. Also John, as we have seen, declares that "the word was God" and that "all things were made by him." And Jesus says after his resurrection, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." These passages, and others not so clear, are interpreted to mean that Christ is God.

Nevertheless, there have been devout believers all down the ages since our era began who understood these statements as not asserting Christ's Godhead. Beginning in the fourth century after his birth, Arianism in one form or another has been in existence—that is, the denial of Christ's divinity, without a denial of his greatness, his creative powers and work, and his teachings. And there have been sects established on this theory of his humanity.

The Book of Mormon, however, is not susceptible to this double meaning when it speaks on the subject. On the contrary, its declarations on the point are clear, distinct, and emphatic.

Christ's Godhood—Book of Mormon

On the fly-leaf of that volume is the statement that "Jesus is the Christ, the eternal God, manifesting himself unto all the nations." Indeed, to "convince" both Jew and Gentile of this fact, that Christ is very God, is specifically declared to be one of the purposes in revealing the Nephite Record to the world in this age.

Says Abinadi, one of the early prophets of the Nephites, "God himself shall come down among the children of men, and shall redeem his people. And because he dwelleth in the flesh, he shall be called the Son of God, having subjected the flesh to the will of the Father."

The first Nephi tells us that "the God of our fathers, the God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob, yieldeth himself as a man into the hands of wicked men, to be lifted up and

crucified and buried in a sepulchre." Lehi speaks of the Jews as the only people who would crucify their God.

Benjamin, who was both a king and a prophet, declares, "the time cometh, and is not far distant, that with power the Lord omnipotent, who reigneth, who was and is from all eternity to all eternity, shall come down from heaven among the children of men and shall dwell in a tabernacle of clay, and shall go forth among men, working mighty miracles—healing the sick, raising the dead, causing the lame to walk, the blind to receive their sight, and the deaf to hear, and curing all manner of diseases."

These men—Abinadi, Nephi, Lehi, and Benjamin—all lived before the Christian era. But the passages to be found in the Book of Mormon after Christ are equally specific and positive on the point under consideration.

Jesus himself, when he appeared among the Nephites after his resurrection, told them, "I am the God of Israel and the God of the whole earth, and have been slain for the sins of the whole world." And Moroni speaks of Christ as distinctively the God of the land of America, whom its inhabitants must serve if they would not be destroyed. Referring to the land we now call America, he says, "Behold, this is a choice land, and whatsoever nation shall possess it, shall be free from bondage and from captivity and from all other nations under heaven—if they will but serve the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ."

Again, the truth of these statements may be called in question, but not their clearness or their positiveness. He who runs may read and understand the import of them. It is impossible to twist them into a double meaning or to involve them in a cloud of mist. They are either true or not true in the meaning they bear on their face.

Attributes of God Ascribed to Christ

Not only is Jesus Christ expressly called God in the Nephite Record, but the character and attributes ascribed to God in the Hebrew Scriptures are applied to our Savior in the Book of Mormon.

He is declared to be omnipotent. Says King Benjamin, "I would that ye should be steadfast and immovable, always abounding in good works, that Christ, the Lord God omnipotent, may seal you his." Christ is specifically termed in the Book of Mormon a "God of miracles." Also he is called Creator. "There is a God," says Lehi, "and he hath created all things, both in the heavens and the earth, and all things that in them are, both things to act and things to be acted upon." That Lehi understood this creative act to have been

performed by Jesus is evident from another passage a little later on, in which he says, "Thus saith the Lord, when the day cometh that they shall believe in me, that I am Christ," and so on. Jesus himself said to the Nephites after his resurrection, "I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God. I created the heavens and the earth, and all things that in them are. I was with the Father in the beginning." Several of the Nephite writers during the national existence of that people speak to the same effect. So, then, there can be no misunderstanding the Book of Mormon that Jesus Christ is omnipotent in the sense that it is usually applied to God in sacred literature.

The Nephite Record also ascribes other attributes to our Savior, such as are applied in the Bible only to God—self-existence, justice, holiness, unchangeableness, goodness, grace and mercy, and love.

King Benjamin declares that Christ "exists from all eternity to all eternity." Says Lehi, "O the wisdom of God! His mercy and grace! For, behold, if the flesh should rise no more, our spirits must become subject to that angel who fell from before the presence of the eternal God, to rise no more." Another writer, Jacob, the son of Lehi, importunes his readers to "remember the greatness of the Holy One of Israel," whom he elsewhere calls "that holy God," and also to bear in mind that "his paths are righteous." The first Nephi represents Jehovah as saying, "Behold, I am God; I am a God of miracles; and I will show unto the world that I am the same yesterday, today, and forever." To quote again from Jacob, "O how great the goodness of our God, who prepareth a way for our escape from the grasp of this awful monster, death and hell!" In a word, every attribute that in sacred literature is ascribed to God, the Nephite writers apply to Jesus Christ, both before and after his incarnation in the flesh.

III

And so we come now to those incomparable scenes where Jesus Christ in person, after his resurrection, ministered to the people on the American continent.

It is unnecessary here to do anything more than recall to mind the impressive spectacle which preceded that appearance of the Master—the furious storms, the thunderings and sharp lightning, the upheavals and sinkings of the earth's crust, the destruction of entire cities, the carrying away of men and women in the whirlwind, the agonized cries of the survivors, and finally the voice from the heavens that pierced into the hearts of those who had gathered to exchange horrified feelings and words over what had taken place, a "small

voice," indistinct at first as of an approaching sound, but becoming clearer, till the astonished multitude understood it. Said the voice:

"Behold my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, in whom I have glorified my name. Hear him."

Christ Appears to Nephites

Casting up their eyes again toward heaven, whence came the words, they beheld a man descending out of the air, clothed in a white robe. This man came down and stood in the midst of the people; "the eyes of the whole multitude," says the historian with the evident air of a spectator, "were turned upon him, and they durst not open their mouths, even one to another," because "they wist not what it meant," believing it to be "an angel that appeared unto them."

The man "stretched forth his hand and spake unto the people: Behold, I am Jesus Christ, whom the prophets testified should come into the world. I am the light and the life of the world. I have drunk out of that bitter cup which the Father hath given me, and have glorified the Father in taking upon me the sins of the world, in which I have suffered the will of the Father from the beginning."

The whole multitude "fell to the earth" in adoration, for they remembered the prophecies concerning the Christ.

"Arise," said Jesus, "and come forth unto me, that ye may thrust your hands into my side, and also that ye may feel the prints of the nails in my hands and in my feet, that ye may know that I am the God of Israel and the God of the whole earth."

So "the multitude went forth," the narrative goes on, "and thrust their hands into his side, and did feel the prints of the nails in his hands and in his feet, going forth one by one, until they had all gone forth, and did see with their eyes, and did feel with their hands, and did know of a surety, and did bear record, that it was he of whom it was written by the prophets that he should come."

This done, they cried out in one voice, "Hosannah! Blessed be the name of the most high God!" And they fell down at his feet and worshiped him.

Nephi, one of the prophets who had spoken of Christ's appearance and who had "departed out of the land" a little before this, was in the crowd. He "arose and went forth and bowed himself before the Lord and kissed his feet."

Main Teachings Reiterated

Jesus then taught the people the main doctrines he had already proclaimed among the Jews. For some reason—most

likely because he found the Nephites more believing and sympathetic than the Jews—he spoke with greater freedom and plainness than he appears to have done in Palestine.

He taught them concerning baptism. "Ye shall go down and stand in the water," he said, "and in my name shall ye baptize. And ye shall say, calling them by name, 'Having authority given me of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!' Then shall ye immerse them in the water, and come forth again out of the water."

This was to be done only in the case of those who repented of their sins and who desired to be baptized in the name of Christ. And these explicit directions were given, Jesus told them, that there might be "no contentions" among the people. For whoever had the "spirit of contention," he explained, was not of Christ, but of the devil, "who is the father of contention," because he "stirreth up the hearts of men to contend in anger one with another."

"It is not my doctrine," he further said, "to stir up the hearts of men in anger, one against another. But this is my doctrine, that such things should be done away." A luminous statement, when you come to get at the heart of it, and a distinct contribution to the utterances of the Christ. There are not many difficulties known to man that do not have their root in a "stirring up of the heart in anger" one way or another.

This idea of peaceableness, coupled with the teachableness of a little child, after one has had faith, has repented of his sins, has been baptized for the remission of them, and received the gift of the Holy Ghost, Christ declared to be his doctrine. "Whoso buildeth upon this, buildeth upon my rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against him." Here is epitomized the puzzling variety of things we are required to do in life—a codification, so to speak, of the laws and statutes of religion. As members of the Church everything depends on our being uncontentious and teachable.

A Unique Scene

Also more plainly than to the Jews he spoke about the law of Moses. "I am he that gave the law, and I am he who covenanted with my people Israel. Therefore, the law in me is fulfilled, for I have come to fulfill the law—therefore it hath an end. Not all the covenant which I have made with my people is fulfilled, but the law which was given unto Moses hath an end in me."

After repeating the teachings which we have in what is

known as the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus told the multitude that his "time was at hand" to go to the Father and also to show himself "unto the lost tribes of Israel." And "the people were in tears" at the thought that he was going to leave them! They looked at him "steadfastly" as if they would ask him to stay a little longer.

Perceiving their desires, he said, "My bowels are filled with compassion and mercy towards you." Then, "Have ye any that are sick among you? Bring them hither. Or any that are lame, or blind, or halt, or maimed, or leprous, or withered, or deaf, or afflicted in any manner?"

Thereupon "all the multitude, with one accord, did go forth with their sick, and their afflicted, and their lame, and their blind, and their dumb, with all that were afflicted in any manner. And he did heal them every one as they were brought forth unto him. And they did all, both they who had been healed and they who were whole, bow down at his feet, and did worship him. And as many as could come for the multitude did kiss his feet, insomuch that they did bathe his feet with their tears."

Then he commanded that their little children be brought to him. And when they had been brought, he "sat them down upon the ground round about him, and he stood in the midst of them," the multitude giving way till all the children were together. He commanded all the people to kneel down upon the ground. When they had done so, "Jesus groaned within himself, and said, Father, I am troubled because of the wickedness of the House of Israel.

"And when he had said these words, he himself also knelt down upon the earth, and, behold, he prayed unto the Father, and the things which he prayed cannot be written, and the multitude did bear record who heard him." So powerfully were the people affected by what they had heard in that prayer, that they "were overcome." On rising from his knees, he bade them rise also, after which he said, "Blessed are ye because of your faith. And now, behold, my joy is full."

And he wept.

Then he took the children, one by one, and blessed them, and prayed to the Father in behalf of them.

And he wept again.

"Behold your little ones!" he said.

As the people looked, they saw the heavens open, and angels descending in what appeared to be fire, and ministering to the children, who were themseves encircled by fire.

After this unparalleled scene there "came a cloud and overshadowed the multitude, that they could not see Jesus.

And while they were overshadowed, he departed from them, and ascended into heaven."

IV

Just what is the value of this additional light thrown upon the Christ by the Book of Mormon? In what way and to what degree is Christian theology advanced by these new ideas and the greater clearness given to old ideas that were vague?

But first let us summarize this information. The main and subordinate points we have already considered are as follows:

Main Points Summarized

First, Jesus Christ had a conscious existence before his incarnation in the flesh—an existence, that is, in which he was able to think and to feel and to act. Secondly, he existed in a form that, although spiritual in substance, is the same as the form we have come to know as the human, with all the organs and dimensions that the physical tabernacle of man has in mortality. Thirdly, he was very God in that state of existence, having all the nature and characteristics which the race from the beginning has ascribed to the Power that created man and the world and that governs the universe. Fourthly, he now has, since his incarnation and death and resurrection, a body of flesh and bone, the same in effect that was crucified and afterwards laid in the tomb in Palestine.

These, all, are main propositions, stated in a way which it is impossible to misunderstand. There are numerous and important corollaries, also, such as—that Jesus was the Jehovah of the Old Testament, watching over and directing the destinies of the Hebrew people, impaling them by means of bitter experiences and keeping them in line for a specific purpose; that he was with the Father in the beginning, creating the earth and man with everything pertaining thereto; that he bears with infinite patience and love, the same patience and love he manifested in the flesh, for the salvation of all mankind, irrespective of color or conditions in life; that man too had a pre-earth life, a life of the spirit, which, in form, is the exact counterpart of the physical body that we see in mortality; and finally, that life as we know it here is but a section, a very small section, of life as it is, and was, and will be.

These ideas take us up, as it were, to the top of a high pinnacle, from which we may view mortality in its relation to the illimitable stretch of life both before and after this.

Value of This New Clearness

And we need this outlook very much indeed. Life proves to most of us a very perplexing thing. There is so much of it! And it is so intricate, so complex! It is a great ocean, on which we are afloat, not to say adrift, and we are unable by ourselves to swim into any of those powerful undercurrents that would sweep us onward to a Somewhere. It is a giant forest, in which we are, all of us, lost, with no halo to lead us out of its shadowy depths into the clearing. We hear, it is true, an occasional "Lo here!" and "Lo there!" But these are vocal mirages, which only add to our bewilderment. Not the greatest philosophers have been able to reduce the multitudinous and confusing events and facts of life to anything like a simple and orderly process working towards a goal. And so we must look outside our own thought for a plan that will show the general push of life, that will relate one thing to another, that can bring into full view the "one increasing purpose" running through the ages.

Such a plan, such a view, we have in the revealments of the Book of Mormon, where it speaks of the Christ. In its white light a new meaning is given to such traditional phrases as "divine guidance," the "love of God," "obedience," and many others. And we are helped in our faith and trust in him.

Flowers

By Sarah Leggett Phelps

The following tribute to flowers was written by Mrs. Sarah Leggett Phelps, a woman 82 years of age, who has been an invalid for fifteen years, from paralysis.

Place them by my bedside so that I may see their display of beautiful colors and their sweet faces. What great power they have! They soften and make the heart glad. They brighten those who are lonely and sad. They make one feel the influence of the giver, who arranged them so artistically in their beds that they might go on their joy-giving journey.

Although far away, you feel near by the sweet message the flowers bring. They make me feel that I would like to see the kind face of the giver and gently take her by the hand. They make me happy to know that somewhere someone is thinking of me. Although flowers fade, they leave a sweet remembrance behind that lasts forever.

A Visit to the Relief Societies of the French Mission

By May Booth Talmage

It was not until near the close of our third year in Europe that the opportunity came for me to visit the Relief Societies of the French Mission. Most tourists would feel a sense of keen disappointment if a trip to the Continent failed to include France, but the very spirit and genius of missionary service is found in going when and where one is sent and in coming when called; and thus it was that other missions, some far more distant, were visited during the earlier years.

It may not be definitely known to all magazine readers that the headquarters of the French Mission are not located in France at all, but in Geneva, Switzerland—the city now famous as the home of the League of Nations, situated on beautiful Lake Geneva. The Mission as a whole, takes in France, Belgium, and the French-speaking part of Switzerland; thus in visiting our Branches in that mission, one meets three distinct types of people even though their language is the same. Urgent mission duties had taken President Talmage to Scandinavia in early August of 1927, and as it was found advisable to convene a Conference of Mission Presidents and their wives in Dresden during the first week in September, word was sent to Liverpool for me to join President and Sister Rossiter of the French Mission and visit the Relief Societies in Belgium while we were all enroute to Dresden.

Leaving London on the evening of August 19th, I found myself in a compartment with two English college girls who were to spend their vacations in Switzerland; two French women, one of whom was going home after some years of absence from her mother, the other returning from a vacation spent in England; and the sixth occupant was, like myself, an American. The group furnished a most interesting character study for me until we took boat at New Haven for Dieppe.

Theretofore, when traveling by boat to Ireland or to Rotterdam, we had gone on board at bedtime and landed on the following morning. The sensation of going to bed under ordinary conditions and getting up at 2 a. m. in a strange country, listening to an unknown language and using unfamiliar coin was most unusual. The waiting train conveyed us to Paris before sunrise, but President Rossiter was already waiting at the station with a cordial welcome. We were soon with Sister Rossiter and several missionaries and other friends from Utah.

The sights and scenes of the great French Metropolis have been too often and too ably depicted by pen and screen to justify amateur effort. In all the world there is but one Louvre with its myriads of art treasures; and all the descriptions of all the experts fail to bring the thrill one gets in looking even for a few moments at the Winged Victory, Venus de Milo, or Mona Lisa. One of the most difficult things for me when traveling is to convince myself that I am really seeing the objects about which I have read with such keen interest, but which seemed so far removed. One gets such vivid mind pictures at times about people and places, that when the reality comes, even though it be more striking or pretentious, it is different, and one has to keep adjusting the mind to the new object instead of the old one. On the other hand, there are some places and things that seem like old friends because of their familiar aspect.

The few days of our stay in Paris were filled to the limit with worthwhile experiences, most of which exceeded my expectations; but I confess to a feeling of disappointment over the lack of smartly-dressed women. One's conception of Paris is likely to be that each woman will be wearing—not exactly an "imported" gown, but rather, a "creation" from the hands of Worth or Lucille or Jenney, direct, but our conclusions were that many American cities could furnish better examples of well-dressed women. However, we were informed that the ones we saw were *tourists* and that the real Parisienne takes a taxi and is seldom seen parading the streets—so much for casual impressions!

One entire day we spent in going over the Battle Fields; the Marne, Belleau Woods, Soissoins, Chateau Thierry, etc. The ever-recurring cemeteries with their myriads of crosses seemed to give new meaning to the terms: and the great War became a thing of hideous reality, such as had never been experienced through reading printed page or listening to masterly addresses. One's very soul cried out for a civilization that would outlaw war.

But all of this has no relation whatever to our visit to the Relief Societies of the French Mission. From Paris the Rossiters and I proceeded to Liege, which is the headquarters of the Belgium District.

All that has been written in our previous articles concerning the warm welcome and delightful hospitality extended by the people of the missions heretofore visited, could in turn be repeated concerning those in the French Mission in so far as their conditions would permit. Whether in Belgium, in Switzerland or in France, it mattered not. We were made to feel thoroughly at home; and however strange the spoken word, its mean-

ing was made quite clear through tone and gesture. Nothing but love unfeigned, born of the true Gospel spirit, could have given us the assurance of sincerity and the genuine heartglow that was constantly rekindled as we journeyed from place to place, and met new groups of missionaries and new assemblages of Saints. President Joel H. Bowen and all the traveling missionaries of the District were untiring in their courtesies to us persoaally, and in their efforts to make the meetings successful. The same thing was true of all the missionaries in all the Districts and we wish it were possible to mention each one in turn and tell of their many kindnesses, for which we have such deep appreciation.

Relief Society Conferences were held in Herstal, Seraing, and Liege, with additional officers' meetings, M. I. A. gatherings, and Sunday Sacrament services. At all of these there was shown a spirit of keen interest and earnest devotion, that gave assurance of increased and progressive activity.

Our sympathies were deeply enlisted in behalf of three missionaries who were in hospitals through illness, and therefore unable to be at our gatherings. Two of them were found cheerfully hopeful of soon being out again; but the stringent rules of the other hospital permitted only President Rossiter to visit the third one, who had typhoid fever. We were glad to learn later that the lives of all were spared.

The Relief Society in Brussels was disorganized; but Sister Rossiter and I visited an earnest little Bible class and spoke to the members concerning our work, and soon thereafter the Society was reorganized and working enthusiastically.

Enroute to Dresden we spent a few pleasant hours in Cologne with District President Leon B. Linford and some of his colaborers. We found them busy and happy in their labors and eager to show us such places of interest as our time would permit. The Cathedral at Cologne with its more than eight thousand carved figures, ranks among the finest of the cathedrals of the world. Upon our arrival in Berlin we were delightfully surprised to learn from District President Christiansen, who met the train, that President Talmage had arrived from Scandinavia a few hours before. In ten minutes we were with him at the hotel, and soon were joined by officials from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, who were going to attend the Conference in Dresden, and also by President Valentine of the German-Austrian Mission. A meeting with the missionaries of the Berlin District on Saturday proved to be a spiritual feast for all of us.

On Sunday morning we were assigned to visit three Branches in Berlin, where various auxiliary organizations held officers' meetings preceding the regular Sunday School sessions. I was thus fortunate in being able to meet with the Relief Society Sisters,

to join in their testimony meeting and enjoy the splendid spirit. At Sunday School and at the Fast Day service we found everything giving evidence of excellent work being accomplished in that vicinity.

A joint gathering of the six branches in Berlin was held in the evening and the large hall filled with members and friends. Musical numbers of a high order delighted the visitors. We were again the recipients of the same type of generous hospitality

LEIPZIG VOLKERSCHLACHT—DENKMAL

and warm welcome that had been so liberally extended on our visit two years before. On Monday, September 5th, it was my great privilege to go for the first time to Leipzig with my husband and President Valentine, where our little meeting hall was dedicated by the former at the gathering held for that purpose, in the evening. It was an occasion long to be remembered. There was just time before the meeting for us to visit the wonderful *Denkmal* or monument which is so justly famous. An entire article could scarcely do it justice, but a picture may give some faint idea of its colossal magnitude.

As an account of the Mission Presidents' Conference in Dresden, covering a period of four days, has been given elsewhere, we shall only emphasize here its importance as a source of mutual helpfulness, encouragement and blessing to all who participated. At its close the group separated to go their widely divergent ways.

President and Sister Cannon had a convention scheduled in Hanover. Presidents Talmage and Valentine proceeded to visit the northern Districts of the German Mission and the one in Austria, after which the former continued on through Bulgaria and Constantinople to Syria, Palestine and Egypt—but that is another story.

Before going to Geneva, Sister Rossiter and I went to Besancon, France. I think there will always remain in my memory the picture of our arrival at this quaint fortified French city not far from war-famed Verdun. The dear little President of the Relief Society, Sister Artaud, awaited us with two huge bouquets of flowers and a look of genuine joy that went straight to my heart. Branch President Stewart Wright and his companion missionary were on hand to give all assistance and a hearty welcome. As the Relief Society had been organized with but five members only a few months before, it was as surprising as it was gratifying to find the hall crowded and extra chairs needed to provide accommodations for those who came.

The people who came to all these meetings were not Relief Society members only, as the meetings were for the public generally, that men as well as women not of our faith might learn of the wonderful scope and achievements of this great organization. Among the distinguished people present at Besancon was a director of education and two high school teachers.

After a statement of the facts concerning the history, purpose, and achievements of the organization, there were several new applications for membership. We were informed that through the enthusiastic zeal and unceasing efforts of the Relief Society President, she had been instrumental in bringing twenty-two members into the Church.

Many and quaint were the places visited during the all too

STATUE OF VICTOR HUGO AT BESANCON

few hours at our disposal, in this interesting city that is honored in being the birthplace of Victor Hugo.

To one who for more than half a century had thought of a *foreign country* as a place of magnificent distances to which one might some day be privileged to go, it was somewhat breath-taking and decidedly confusing to find oneself changing countries half a dozen times in as many days. Saturday we were in Germany, Sunday in Czechoslovakia, Monday again over the border in Germany, Tuesday in Switzerland, and Wednesday in France. Each time money must be changed into the kind in current use; but one must guard against getting too much, as the laws forbid taking silver out of one country into another; if the regulation is infringed, the money is subject to confiscation.

Within four hours after boarding the train in Besancon, France, which we were loath to leave so soon, we found ourselves in a little progressive town among the Swiss Mountains, *La Chaux du Fonds* by name. Here President Leonard D. Robbins and his associates vied with their co-workers in other cities in making our visit successful and pleasant. A good musical program lent interest to the meeting held here, displaying, as it did, the splendid talent of the members participating.

The following morning President Robbins succeeded in obtaining permission for us to go through the world-famed Movado Swiss watch factory. Our guide was most courteous and explained all the intricacies of the most delicate mechanism with illuminating results. Some of the wheels are so tiny as to necessitate the hand-glass being used by the workers who separate them into proper receptacles. A highly specialized expert showed the

method used in detecting flaws in tiny cogs of these tiny wheels. The wheel is placed on a disk and magnified 100 times, the shadow being projected onto a brilliantly lighted screen, where the slightest irregularity is at once detected and corrected. Also we were shown the method of making the watches proof against extremes of temperature. What we saw will always give an added interest to watches in general and to Swiss watches in particular.

At Neuchatel we were favored by the presence of President Rossiter again, who, because of urgent mission business, had been obliged to go direct to Geneva. Here, Branch President George Young Jarvis directed the preparations for the very successful evening service. An excellent program given by the members, preceding the addresses by the visiting officers, was deeply appreciated and gave evidence of keen interest and willingness to serve.

This little town, made famous through the cheese that bears its name, has much else to make one wish to linger; but a meeting was scheduled in Lausanne the next night, so we were forced to be content with the few delightful hours we had before our train was due to leave.

There seems to be rather more indifference than prejudice toward the Latter-day Saints in the French Mission; and, as in most Continental countries, we found our members occupying respectable, comfortable halls. In Lausanne, the place of meeting, was a splendid structure and the assembly room was an inspiration with its beautifully polished woodwork and floors. A special feature of our meeting here was an elaborately constructed chart showing the vicissitudes of the Relief Society since its beginning. The increase in activity and achievement within the past two years seemed nothing short of phenomenal, and gave us much encouragement. We feel that great credit is due to Sister Rossiter, under whose able supervision the work throughout the entire mission has made such rapid strides.

Elder Parker Pratt Warner was in charge of the spirited meeting of the Relief Societies held on Saturday night in Lausanne. We had time only for a tantalizing glimpse of this lovely town with but an hour or so between our arrival and time for meeting, but we made a choice between seeing and eating in favor of the former. At its close we proceeded to Geneva by late train.

We were made to feel the same delightful sense of freedom in this mission home that we had felt at other mission headquarters, and we are thoroughly convinced that this "homey" feeling is quite a characteristic of such places of abode among our people.

In Geneva, on Sunday afternoon, four members were added to the Church. A simple yet very impressive service was held preceding the baptisms, and at its close, the candidates stepped

bravely down into the waters of Lake Geneva and came forth with deeply grateful hearts, unto a veritable newness of life.

The evening service was devoted largely to Mutual Improvement topics. All were delighted to have as one speaker the Editor of the *Deseret News,* Brother Harold Goff who, as a guest of the Carnegie Endowment Fund for International Peace, had enjoyed the splendid opportunities afforded to visit different countries.

Several weeks of preparation had been made for the Relief Society gathering held in Geneva on Monday night. The musical numbers, under the direction of Branch President Cope, were excellent; the dramatization of "The Ten Virgins" by members of the Society, was very commendable, as was indeed the superior work of the Society as a whole, as set forth in the carefully prepared report of its Relief Society Branch President.

On Tuesday, Sister Rossiter and I traveled to Lyons, France, where the final Conference was held in the evening at the attractive home of Sister Barthemeuf, with district and branch presidents Harold S. Cole, and S. Hensley Cortez, in charge. Though the membership is not as large as in most other places visited, there was a wonderful spirit and the meeting was one long to be remembered.

Preceding the meeting we had a magnificent view of Lyons, from a high tower, which is in size and importance foremost among the cities of France. It is a great industrial center for silk manufacture, and its marvelous products are sent throughout the civilized world.

After the meeting, Sister Rossiter and the devoted corps of missionaries who labor in that District, accompanied me to the station to wave adieu as long as the train was in sight; and thus ended another delightful chapter in my book of rich experiences.

To President and Sister Rossiter, for their efficient and devoted efforts, to their daughter, Betty, and to all the missionaries and members who were so thoughtful and helpful, and so generous with flowers and other gifts, I shall always feel deeply grateful.

After a few days in Italy, I reached England in time to be at the Norwich Conference while enroute to Liverpool, and among the messages brought from headquarters was the cablegram telling of our release and the appointment of Brother and Sister Widtsoe. There was much joy in the thought of an honorable release, and of the home-going, but mingled with the joy there was a tinge of regret at facing the prospect of permanent separation from our numerous warm friends; but as was said in the beginning, missionaries who labor in the Master's service are subject to call, whether to go or to return—grateful always for the blessed privilege and opportunity of being among the ones who are "called."

Dr. Emmeline B. Wells Memorial

A most unique and truly significant occasion was the impressive ceremony of the unveiling of the statue of Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, which occurred Wednesday afternoon, February twenty-ninth, at the State Capitol, marking the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Wells. The statue was the gift to the state from the women of the state, in loving remembrance of Mrs. Wells's outstanding service to humanity, especially to women.

"Aunt Em," as she was affectionately called, was one of the great women of the century, known far and near as the unfailing advocate and the undaunted champion of every movement calculated for the advancement of her sex and the betterment of the human race. She loved all things that were good—youth, intelligence, beauty, virtue, art and nature, and was herself the epitome of all the charm and virtues of womanhood. She gave of her unusual gifts freely and unselfishly to mankind, and the beautiful tribute now erected in her honor not only perpetuates in human memory the charms and attainments of a distinguished woman, but expresses for the thousands who contributed to it the affection and admiration felt for one who to them typifies their highest ideals.

The movement for the tribute started in November, 1927, when Dr. Jane W. Skolfield, a dear friend and admirer of Mrs. Wells, remembering that the one hundredth anniversary of her birth was close at hand, invited a number of friends to meet and consider how best to celebrate the occasion. There was a gratifying response to the invitation, and after many of those present expressed their love and appreciation for Aunt Em, many giving personal reminiscences of her helpfulness, it was decided that the day should be commemorated not only by a gathering of friends with fragrant memories, but also that it should in some appropriate way mark an epoch for women in the state. It was then and there decided to have a marble bust of Aunt Em executed

by Cyrus E. Dallin, one of Utah's gifted sons, and to present it to the state as a gift from the women. At this meeting the Emmeline B. Wells Centennial Memorial Association was organized with Dr. Jane W. Skolfield as chairman; Mrs. F. S. Richards, first vice-chairman; Mrs. Sol Siegel, second vice-chairman; Mrs. E. O. Howard, third vice-chairman; Mrs. Richard R. Lyman, fourth vice-chairman; Mrs. Mary Kelly Pye, secretary; Mrs. Ernest Bamberger, treasurer; and Mrs. Alonzo B. Irvine, assistant treasurer; Mrs. Georgiana Marriott of Ogden, chairman of the advisory committee; and the names of many prominent women as patrons.

Thus was the campaign launched, and under the able direction of the chairman, Dr. Skolfield, it was brought to a most delightful and satisfactory completion. The plan was to reach all the women of the state regardless of position in life, religion or any other condition, and to give them all an opportunity to become identified with the project. To this end chairmen were appointed in all the counties of the state, and these chairmen reached the women through their various clubs and organizations.

Weekly meetings were held by the central committee to hear reports and attend to the many details that claimed attention from time to time. The committee had the hearty assistance of the state officials, notably the Board of Examiners, consisting of Governor George H. Dern, Secretary of State H. E. Crockett, and Attorney General Harvey H. Cluff, with whose permission and under whose direction the proposed statue was to be given a place in the State Capitol.

As finally located, the bust of Mrs. Wells occupies the northwest niche in the rotunda; the first statue to be placed in Utah's hall of fame.

On the occasion of the unveiling, an assemblage of several hundred people, including many in high positions in Church and state, filled the rotunda, the stairs, and galleries. The exercises were presided over by Mrs. C. E. Maw, president of the state federation of women's clubs, who in a brief address extolled the work and life of Mrs. Wells. The Ogden chorus of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers in pioneer costume sang "Our Utah Pioneers," after which President Heber J. Grant gave the invocation. "Our Mountain Home So Dear" was then sung by a quartet under the direction of Mrs. Emma Ramsey Morris. The words of this lovely little hymn were by Mrs. Wells, while the music was composed by Professor Evan Stephens, who was present and played the accompaniment. Following a beautiful selection by a string orchestra under the direction of Mrs. Margaret Lyman Schreiner, Dr. Jane W. Skolfield, in a tender and touching manner, presented the statue to the state. Addressing the Governor, she told of the

fine service of Mrs. Wells through the long years, her culture, her motherhood, her literary attainments, mentioning that she was the first person in the state to receive an honorary collegiate degree from a local educational institution when at the advanced age of eighty-four she was thus honored by the Brigham Young University—with the degree of doctor of literature. Dr. Skolfield spoke of Aunt Em's remarkable personality, drawing a picture of her as thousands present might remember—her frail, slight, almost ethereal figure in soft silks and pastel shades, threading her way among friends with all the grace and dignity of a queen. Mrs. Emmeline C. Martineau, a granddaughter and namesake of Mrs. Wells, then unveiled the statue by drawing aside the gorgeous silk curtains which had concealed it, and there was an intense and breathless moment preceding the Governor's response, as all gazed on the beautiful likeness in its classic, marble setting. Governor Dern, in accepting the gift for the state, said that he saw in these ceremonies an example of how the people still loved to honor a life and character so endowed and so well employed as Mrs. Wells had been; for she measured up well to the standards of greatness to which the people all yield their homage. It is significant, he remarked, that the first statue to be placed in Utah's pantheon should be that of a woman—this bespeaks the high estate which woman holds in this commonwealth and is notice to the world that nowhere is a good woman held in loftier esteem than here. The speaker declared that Mrs. Wells deserves the unique distinction accorded her; for she typifies the pioneer woman whose character always excites unstinted admiration, enduring hardships in transforming the wilderness from the rude state to a civilized community of homes; that she was a pioneer woman of the intellectual type also. Her interest extended beyond the state, and national leaders acknowledged the value of her help in forward looking movements for the welfare of womankind. Governor Dern then accepted the gift in behalf of the state and gave assurance that it would always have a place of honor in the Capitol, where it will serve as an inspiration to future generations. In conclusion he expressed gratitude to the committee and others who had aided in perpetuating the memory of so distinguished and lovable a woman.

After the reading of some of Mrs. Wells' verses by Mrs. Don C. Coray, and an expression of gratitude from the family, by Mr. Junius F. Wells, the exercises concluded with the singing of "America."

The rotunda of the Capitol was made attractive with potted palms and plants. A beautiful silk national flag was near the statue, while the state flag hung back of the speakers. Red and white roses in an antique vase were on the piano, over which was

draped "Aunt Em's" familiar Paisley shawl. The curtains used in the unveiling were the portieres made for the woman's building at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. They are of Utah silk embroidered in sego lilies, and are now one of the rare historic possessions of the state.

It is gratifying to contemplate and to commend the vision and devotion of the women who have made this memorial a glorious fact. Not only have they honored the memory of a great woman; they have in this act honored all women. They have enriched their own state with a beautiful work of art by a master hand; and they have marked out a luminous path that other states may well follow in perpetuating in pure, imperishable stone, the loftiest, holiest ideals of womanhood.

Charity

By Elva P. Bushman

That bit of something
Which clings like frost upon the board,
That bit of love and friendship
Which we hoard.
That love which binds one to his fellow-man,
That beckons and leads on
Through life's brief span;
Yea, in disgrace, and direst hell
That hand of friendship beckons on
To break the spell.
That love which binds through time and all eternity—
That is the thing which man may call
True charity.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

THE GENERAL BOARD

MRS. CLARISSA SMITH WILLIAMS - - - - - - - - - President
MRS. JENNIE BRIMHALL KNIGHT - - - - - - - - - First Counselor
MRS. LOUISE YATES ROBISON - - - - - - - - - Second Counselor
MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN - - - - - - General Secretary and Treasurer

Mrs. Emma A. Empey
Mrs. Jeanette A. Hyde
Miss Sarah M. McLelland
Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon
Mrs. Lalene H. Hart
Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter
Mrs. Julia A. Child
Mrs. Cora L. Bennion
Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund
Mrs. Amy Whipple Evans
Mrs. Ethel Reynolds Smith
Mrs. Barbara Howell Richards
Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine
Miss Alice Louise Reynolds
Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford
Mrs. Elise B. Alder
Mrs. Inez K. Allen
Mrs. Ida P. Beal

Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward, Music Director
Miss Edna Coray, Organist

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - CLARISSA SMITH WILLIAMS
Associate Editor - - - - - - - - ALICE LOUISE REYNOLDS
Assistant Manager - - - - - - - - AMY BROWN LYMAN

Room 28, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah
Magazine entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah

VOL. XV APRIL, 1928 No. 4

EDITORIAL

The First Editor's Birthday

A prim little woman with keen eyes and a smile that lights up her countenance sometimes frequents our office. On the eighth day of April, 1928, she will be seventy-nine years of age. Should you meet her casually you would not suspect such a thing for there are still dark hairs among the gray and there is no sign of falter in her step.

It is a long time since she did the editorial work on the *Woman's Exponent* in a room in the house of Lorenzo D. Young in the Eighteenth Ward, when Zina D. Young, Eliza R. Snow, Mary Isabelle Horne and Sarah M. Kimball gave her such staunch support. Lula Greene Richards was a mere girl then with dark curls and florid cheeks. Fate did not decree that she should long be the editor of the paper, for one day there happened into her office a young man by the name of Levi W. Richards who evidently fell in love with her. In any event, she was wedded to him on the sixteenth day of June, 1873, just one year and sixteen days after the first issue of the paper.

She tells us that among those who contributed in early days to the magazine were Lou Lee Dalton, a sister of Mrs. George Sutherland, and Mrs. Ellen Jakeman, Mary Cook, sister of Ida

Cook, Mary J. Tanner, mother of J. M. Tanner, Eliza R. Snow who wrote a history of the Relief Society which was published in some of the early numbers.

Since Sister Richards' marriage her home has been in the Twentieth Ward in Salt Lake City. Her family consisted of three daughters and four sons. Mrs. Richards' experience is a contradiction to the maxim that boys are harder to rear than girls, for her four sons have grown to manhood while her three daughters died at very tender ages.

It was in the days when she was rearing her little family that we first knew her; in the days when her mother-in-law, who lived near her, gained the admiration of all the young people because of her white silk bonnets and capes of crimson velvet and other colorful materials. She used to come to my mother's home sometimes. There was always a benign smile and soft, tender words, for Lula Greene Richards has always been an example of self-control. Lee, the little boy with the curly hair, is now a man of fifty and an artist of outstanding reputation. As Mrs. Richards rocks back and forth in her comfortable living room she has before her, always, a life like portrait of her husband painted by her gifted son. Her son Willard has his mother's gift, that of writing verse. Evan is a dentist and Heber a member of the English faculty of the University of Utah.

It is a matter of more than passing interest that this issue of the *Magazine* that contains the story of the placing of the bust of Emmeline B. Wells, in the hall of fame, at the Utah State Capitol, should also contain the story of Mrs. Richards' seventy-ninth birthday. These two women first met at a dinner given by Mrs. Elizabeth Hyde. They were the only guests. When Mrs. Richards turned to the duties of her home life it was Emmeline B. Wells who assumed the responsibility of editor. Long life is a blessing extended by our Heavenly Father to both these gifted women whose names must ever appear in the spotlight whenever the periodicals of the Relief Society are discussed. We congratulate our first editor on having reached her seventy-ninth bitrhday, enjoying the vigor of mind and body which is hers. We trust there are other joyous years ahead of her; and that she may each day partake of a full measure of our Father's blessings.

The Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon

For a number of years American students and lovers of drama have been reading a play by George Middleton called "Now-a-days." The plot of the play is concerned with a young woman who has artistic ability and who enters a contest for a statue which is to be placed in the city hall in her home town. The heroine wins

first place because her sketch, all things considered, is the most desirable.

In the selection of the plan for the new Shakespearean Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, we have the realization of this story. Miss Elizabeth Scott, who is the "daughter of a Bournemouth doctor," is only twenty-nine years of age. In accepting her plan the committee seemed to feel that it incorporates more desirable features than does any other plan submitted. In fact, George Bernard Shaw, the dean of English playwrights, stated that Miss Scott's was the only plan that had "theatre sense." He meant that she had grasped the essentials of the interior of a theatre as well as those of the exterior.

Women everywhere will feel proud of Miss Scott's achievement. Women are lovers of the stage, and among outstanding dramatic stars there are many women. Shakespeare's women stand out conspicuously; the mere mention of them will bring to mind those who have successfully played Shakespearean roles. The names of Ellen Terry, Lady Tree, Laura Cowey, Julia Marlowe, Genevieve Hamper, and Jane Cowl will suggest others who, in England and the United States, have starred in Shakespearean roles. It may suffice to say Miss Scott's achievement is exceedingly pleasing to women, many of whom will look forward to visiting the new Memorial Theatre at Stratford on its completion. On the Stratford stage at the present time one may see the best talent of London; since it is possible for the foremost English players to put on a performance in Stratford in the afternoon and return to London in the evening in time to fill an engagement in the city theatres.

The Purchase of the Hill Cumorah

We hear a great deal at the present time about doing things at the psychic moment. Certainly the Church is to be congratulated on having selected the psychic moment for the purchase of the Hill Cumorah. It is quite the custom to select the centenary of an event in which to do some outstanding thing in commemoration of the event; and to commemorate the centenary of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon the Church elected to do the one thing appropriate and satisfying above all others. Any other act in connection with the event might have fallen short of imparting the same satisfaction. As it is, a deep-seated desire of the Latter-day Saints has been fulfilled. Thousands of them have already visited the hill, and it is safe to say that the desire to visit this place will increase. As interest deepens in the Book of Mormon, so will the feeling for the sacredness of the place from which the plates were taken. To the Latter-day Saint this place can never be other than a hallowed spot.

Cooperation from the Northern States Mission

In the January issue we took occasion to express our appreciation to the stakes for the many ways in which they had added to and enriched the lesson work. Now we are under similar obligation to the Northern States Mission and Mrs. Rachel Grant Taylor for her thoughtfulness in furnishing us the meritorious program written by Mrs. Nelle Talmage. The purpose behind the February issue was to present such material as could be made use of for the 17th of March. Into this scheme the contribution from the Northern States Mission fitted perfectly. That it is meeting the demand of the stakes is apparent from the fact that already numerous inquiries have reached the office, which carry the information that the stakes are making use of the material.

The Relief Society was created for service. In just such matters as we have here related the opportunity is afforded for the part to be thoroughly helpful to the whole. The Northern States Mission, through its president, recognized this opportunity. The result is that all the missions, as well as the stakes, are made partakers of an outstanding piece of work which had its birth in the Northern States Mission.

Mrs. Jeanette A. Hyde Visits Utah

Recently Mrs. Jeanette A. Hyde, member of the General Board and Collector of Customs at the Port of Hawaii, made a visit to Salt Lake City on her way and returning from Washington where she went on matters concerning the department. She seemed to feel that her visit had been highly satisfactory. As women in the state of Utah, we are proud of Mrs. Hyde's work. A few months ago we published an article from the *Christian Science Monitor,* a paper held in very high regard by thinking people. The *Monitor* had sent one of its representatives for an interview. The interview revealed the fact that Mrs. Hyde is efficiently administering the affairs of the Port. What she is achieving has never before been achieved in that port.

We are interested in Mrs. Hyde's work and particularly gratified at the success with which she has handled the liquor and drug traffic. With her associates she has made a reputation for apprehending liquor; and whenever it is discovered she is courageous enough, as collector of Customs, to destroy it in the presence of the offender. This is encouraging news. The liquor interests at present are striving to destroy the effect of the eighteenth amendment and perchance to repeal it if that be in their power. If more officials had the courage that Mrs. Hyde manifests, we should not

be facing our present difficulties in relation to the enforcement of the prohibition law.

On the Hawaiian Islands, Mrs. Hyde has had an unusual opportunity to see the effects of the drug habit. The anxiety she expresses in relation to this habit has come as a result of seeing how destructive the habit is. She had heard so many tragic stories of victims striving without success to overcome their longing for drugs that she sometimes wondered whether or not the habit could be successfully overcome.

The members of the General Board celebrated Washington's Birthday at a luncheon in Mrs. Hyde's honor given in the President's Suite at the Hotel Utah. The table decorations consisted of a ship filled with flowers. The birthday of Washington was observed by paying honor to a woman who is in the employ of the United States Government.

President Williams Expresses Appreciation

Many letters of sympathy and condolence have reached the home of President Clarissa Smith Williams in the interval since the passing of her husband, Senator William N. Williams. For all of these expressions of sympathy and love she is deeply grateful. Letters have come to her from far and near. It would take many months to answer these communications even if it were possible under any circumstances. Consequently, Sister Williams is taking this opportunity of expressing her heart-felt thanks to all who have extended the hand of comfort and blessing to her in her hour of trial.

Spring

By Lulu W. Nelson

Spring comes stealing,
Don't you feel its subtle presence in the air?
Note the feeling.—
Love triumphant, resurrection, life abounding
Everywhere.

Grasses growing;
Flowerets showing dainty faces to the sun.
Brooklets flowing
Down the hillside, through the meadows, murmuring softly
As they run.

The Abundant Harvest

By Mary Hale Woolsey

Gray were the skies, and gray were the fields upon which gray rain descended. Not a beam of sunlight had that day found its way to brighten a single corner of Gaetha Langley's world. It was, she reflected, entirely fitting; and yet—yet, remembering cold drops falling upon a silent casket as it was lowered into the waiting grave,—remembering the dull thud of wet black sod falling into place upon it—remembering these, Gaetha would have given worlds if that casket might have been touched by one single farewell ray of the light that Nona had so passionately loved. Nona had been so like a sunbeam herself! To think of her now—laid to rest out there beneath sodden earth and leaden skies, brought to Gaetha an agony that it seemed she could not bear.

There was not, she mused, a single ray of brightness in all her world. But a sudden sound from the room behind her, attracted her attention and she turned with a choking sob.

From beneath a pink blanket on the couch, a chubby dimpled hand extended and waved to and fro experimentally. With a convulsive movement, Gaetha caught the child to her breast, pressed the tiny hand to her lips. The baby gurgled gleefully and then struggled against the too close embrace. Gaetha relaxed and bent her head so that the little fingers might entangle themselves in her hair.

No, there was *this* ray of sunshine. * * *Nona's baby!

She sat down in a rocker and let the child play with her fingers while together they rocked slowly to and fro, and silent moments dragged by while the rain pitted itself endlessly against the cold window-panes and night-shadows crept gloomily over the landscape. At last the babe grew fretful, and Gaetha roused herself from her brooding and set about preparing her supper; but still the woman's gloomy thoughts were not dispelled. She felt a helpless bitterness against life; cheated, robbed, beaten—what was there left to live for?

The answer came in a ripple of gurgling laughter, in the gleam of tiny pearly teeth as little rosebud lips parted in innocent merriment. There was—Nona's baby. One more solitary bond holding her to a lonely existence. Strange * * * There had always been—just one.

* * * * * * *

"And the baby, Mrs. Langley?"

"Why, I shall keep her, of course. I should think there

would be no question whatever as to my claim on her." Gaetha's tone implied a lack of understanding as to why the question ever had been asked.

Her caller sat for a moment in silence. Mrs. Paulsen was not over-enthusiastic regarding the object of her visit; but she felt duty-bound and she always tried to follow wherever duty led.

"Of course, Mrs. Langley, your 'claim,' as you put it, is a strong enough one. But we others of the Langley people feel that there is another consideration.—Er—Well, religiously, you know how different your views are from those held by this baby's mother. Her religion meant the world—and more—to her! Do you think she would wish her little daughter to grow up with—with convictions like yours? Gaetha Langley, Nona's heart would have been broken—quite broken—at the mere thought of her child ever denying a belief in God and the Christ. Don't you think so?"

Gaetha's hands grew rigid in her lap; the color receded from her face. Her eyes, with a strained, burning look, were fastened on those of her visitor.

Mrs. Paulsen stirred uneasily, but she persisted. "Your right to claim the child is undisputed, Mrs. Langley. But surely you can see—Nona's love for her religion was all-absorbing; I am sure she would wish her daughter to be brought up in the same faith—"

Gaetha Langley leaned forward and it seemed that her words poured from her lips:

"I intend that she shall be, Mrs. Paulsen." Oh, if you could only know—if I could only tell you, how I long to believe, as Nona did!"

"Listen, Mrs. Paulsen, I would give anything I have—all I have—if only I could believe that there is a Christ. But all my life—all my father's life, I mean—he taught me that there is none. That no loving, just, all-powerful God would permit the sorrows and griefs of life to descend upon his beloved children as griefs and sorrows do fall. He taught me that it was folly to believe in God, because an all-wise God would be compassionate, merciful—while facts show that there is only trouble, bereavement, loss. There were my father and mother, worshiping each other! would a loving God have taken her away, leaving him to spend those long, lonely years without her? There were my young husband and I—Ralston was snatched away almost before we could realize that we had been wed—and we so rich in love for each other. *He*, too, was an ardent believer; I hoped that he might have helped me to see as he did. But he was taken away. Father's influence was renewed; there was no refuting his arguments, for he always had new examples to prove his views, and he seemed to know every discrepancy in 'God's Book' itself, or to make discrepancies seem

to be there—if you prefer to put it that way. I could not help believing that he must speak the truth. I cannot now—his teachings are the strongest influence in my life.

"But, Mrs. Paulsen, I envy those who do believe in God. They find so much joy in their faith—joy and comfort and serenity. Oh, if only I, too, could know *that*—if only I could believe!

"There is so much in what one is taught when young. And I would never, never pass on to anyone these teachings that destroy faith. They cause only unhappiness; my father was a wretched man, and I have always been unhappy most of my life. I don't know one of father's friends who shared his disbelief, who was not sad and bitter. Nona's baby shall be taught to believe—I wish she might never know that I do not! All that her Church can give her, she shall have; all that I can give her, all that friends can give—it shall be favorable to sincere belief in a Supreme Being of goodness and love. She shall live in the sunshine of faith, and never know, if I can help it, that there is such a thing as 'outer darkness.'"

As Gaetha's voice lowered and ceased, the only sound in the room was the ticking of the clock on the mantel, between the two silver-framed photographs of the men who had had parts in Gaetha's life: her father, whose face was deeply lined with bitterness and sadness, whose heavy gray hair seemed somehow to add to his general appearance of stern, sour, disillusioned old age; and Ralston Langley, who had been killed in a run-away a week following his marriage to Gaetha. Her eyes, always dark with tragedy, now sought his eyes in the picture and passed tenderly over the handsome boyish face that had been so alight with youthful hope and ambition.

Mrs. Paulsen was silent, feeling as if Gaetha had lifted aside a curtain and let her gaze for a few moments upon an anguished soul. Not so much in the words—for Gaetha was too much the repressed Puritan to express clearly or forcefully her emotion; but Mrs. Paulsen had sensed more than she had listened to, and she seemed to think of a helpless child thrust into a dark room and left alone and sobbing for its parents who could not come to it. She laid her hand on Gaetha's, sympathetically; but at the touch Gaetha stiffened and the moment of revelation was over.

For long years afterward, Mrs. Paulsen seldom thought of Gaetha Langley without hearing in her memory that repressed cry, "Oh, if only I could believe!"

"It seems so simple!" the good lady would sigh to herself. "Why can't she believe if she wants to?" But puzzling over the question, day after day, she found a parallel in her own life, in her hesitancy to disregard certain old superstitions which her parents and grandparents had observed. "I know it's foolish—but these things that you're told when you're young and im-

pressionable—how they do stay with you!" It was then, as if a light had suddenly flashed before her, that she understood Gaetha Langley's position.

"It's a shame! He destroyed her *powers* of belief; his positive, know-it-all teachings can't quite be thrown off, and she's afraid of fooling herself, oh, if one could only help her! But she's mostly so hard to talk to, so aloof. * * * " And thus Mrs. Paulsen would meditate, and wish, and occasionally pray for Gaetha.

But there was no further move toward removing Nona's baby from Gaetha's custody and care. Mrs. Paulsen was able, efficiently, to see to that. And so Gaetha had, again, her single purpose that saved her life from being utterly useless.

Through the years, the little Nona grew out of her babyhood, passed the days of childhood; climbed steadily the stairs of life toward maturity. She was fairly idolized by Aunt Gaetha, but never was little maid more sweet or unspoiled. She was her mother over again; the image in looks and ways of Ralston Langley's little orphaned sister whom Gaetha had cared for after the death of the elder Mrs. Langley, when Nona had been sixteen. There had been only a short absence after Nona's marriage for she was widowed before her baby was born, and it was to Gaetha that she turned for aid and comfort. And then there were a few months when Gaetha had "mothered" both Nona and her wee daughter * * * and then Nona had gone, too, and once more Gaetha bowed, but bitterly, to the will of fate. * * * So now there was another Nona, her mother over again with an intensified beauty and love of beauty, which added sweetness and passion for good.

"It was easy for Nona to be "Christian." From the time that her baby lips could utter the words, prayer was as natural to her as breathing. Aunt Gaetha, teaching her the first little, set, rhymed prayers, used to tremble lest the child sense the mechanical quality of her praying, the insincerity she felt; but "Belief" seemed to be so inherently a part of the child's being, that she never questioned any phase of it, and Gathea rejoiced in the sunny, trustful faith that grew with the years.

Nona was fourteen when the inevitable revelation of the truth came about. She had innocently suggested Aunt Gaetha as a teacher for her Sunday school class. Surprised and puzzled at the reception of her suggestion, she demanded explanation—and got it, in an embarrassed, stammering, incomplete way that sent her scurrying home to Gaetha herself to seek admission or denial.

The first tears that Gaetha Langley had shed in years, mingled with Nona's as they clung together in those moments of Nona's consuming disappointment. Then they tried to get down to a quiet talk that would explain each one's position, and at last

Gaetha's terror that Nona's faith might be weakened, was entirely calmed. For the girl put her delicate little hands on each side of her aunt's face and held it so that their eyes looked directly into each other's.

"Auntie Gaetha, I think you're wonderful, anyway. Most people would have been hard and bitter—but you've done everything you could to help me know thta there is a Father in Heaven who is loving me and caring for me always, and will some day take me again to my lovely mother and my father. I think it must be terrible to feel like everything is just chance in life, and not planned at all; but do you know, Auntie, I think that deep down in your heart there is a spark—a big spark—of your own faith. Wrong teachings have covered it with ashes of disbelief; but sometime, we'll find some word of explanation that will be like a strong wind blowing the ashes away, and the spark will grow into a flame, and as quickly as *that*"—she snapped her slender fingers—"you'll *know*. I'm going to help you find that word. Auntie—I'll never stop searching until I find it."

Gaetha sat helpless with amazement. Was this Nona, who had come to her so like a little child a few moments before? This upturned face, framed in bright curls, was the face of a woman, young, but with an expression of responsibility, of determination, of purposefulness, that made it seem, to Gaetha, almost maternal. She could not speak, but drew Nona into her lap and sat for a long time holding her close.

They talked often, after that, on the subject which meant so much to both of them. Nona was so full of youthful fervor, so sure and secure in her own faith, that Gaetha would be held spellbound while the girl was speaking. But then Gaetha's eyes, lifting her eyes to her father's picture, would see his stern features seem to grow sterner yet, and his voice, with all its old magnetism, its old power, would seem to resound in her ears: "Trash—all of it! Trash for superstitious fools! There is no God!" * * * And Gaetha would sigh, and Nona's voice would cease its sweet pleading; and they would wait until another day.

"Sometime, Aunt Gaetha," Nona said once, "We'll find just the right word—you know how it is: we can hear a thing over and over, but until it's said just right, we don't understand. I'll not stop searching until I find just the word that will make *you* undersand!" There was a ring of prophetic depth in her tone that thrilled Gaetha and set her to marveling at the girl's power over her.

The days passed. The miracle of spring, which Nona saw as a proof of immortality; the richness of a summer unsurpassed for beauty and bountiful growth. Rain came generously, pests and blights were singularly rare. And Autumn came, on blazing wings of gold and scarlet.

The passing months had seen no abatement of Nona's enthusiasm for her self-appointed mission. Often Gaetha found herself on the point of professing conviction merely to see the light leap up in Nona's eyes—"But she'd know I was deceiving her; I must not try to fool us both," she decided, and wondered whether her father's teachings or Nona's youthful arguments would ever triumph over her own doubts and fears.

Then one day the tragedy that always seems to stalk near, entered Gaetha's life again. Nona, hurrying homeward with unusual eagerness, ran lightly into the street—directly ahead of an approaching streak of gray and blue polished nickel—there was the screech of brakes, too late—a horrified gasp from spectators—and a moment later Nona was being lifted from the dust, bruised, bleeding and unconscious.

Gaetha Langley admitted the silent procession wordlessly. Her lips were stiff; her heart seemed turned to ashes. Beside the white bed where Nona was laid, she waited the coming of the doctor. Someone was trying to tell her how the accident had occurred; the words beat meaninglessly against her eardrums. * * * The doctor shook his head.

"There is a chance * * * but that is all * * * I fear—"

The word was passed along. Outside, where a group of friends and neighbors had gathered, women and girls sobbed. Gaetha heard the sound with a sort of wonderment * * * she felt so weary, so old; her movements were purely mechanical, she could speak no word still.

Through an interminable night and day they watch by Nona's bedside. At last consciousness returned; weakly she spoke, recognizing those around her, and a ray of hope pierced the atmosphere of despair.

Nona seemed suddenly eager. "I want to talk to Aunt Gaetha." The doctor hesitated, then assented, with a warning, "Not too much effort, though, Mrs. Langley," to Gaetha as he motioned the nurse to leave the room with him.

"Auntie Gaetha," Nona began, with a pathetic excitement, "I know just how everything happened. I was hurrying so, I just couldn't stop—oh, auntie, I found something for you—I know it's just what we've been looking for! It's a poem—I copied it and put it in my 'lit' book—find it, please, Aunt Gaetha—if only it didn't get lost—"

She was half striving to rise from her pillow, but fearfully Gaetha restrained her and went to find the book, which someone had picked up and brought to her after the accident. Nona made a second effort to rise when Gaetha returned, and as Gaetha hurried to her with a warning, Nona understood and smiled tenderly.

"You aren't going to lose me, Aunt Gaetha," she murmured. "The Father—knows just how you need me!"

"The Father * * * * " Across the span of years, the voice of Gaetha's father echoed harshly: "A Father—who takes away those most needed here. Fools!" She felt a sense of dread creeping over her.

* * * But Nona was speaking again. "Find it, Auntie —I can't wait for you to read it!"

Gaetha turned the pages of the text-book obediently. She wondered dully what Nona could have found—but presently she was holding the piece of folded paper on which Nona had copied a few short verses. Nona lay watching her; her eyes were bright and shining.

"There is no unbelief!"

The words seemed to leap at Gaetha from the page; they might almost have been blazoned in letters of flame. She grasped the bedpost to steady herself, but read on:

"There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God."

Tears came to Gaetha's eyes. This—*this!*—was what Nona was bringing to her, eagerly, exultantly sure that it held that enlightening word for which she had sought, when she had been—struck down. In that moment of exaltation, of supreme joy and faith—in that moment—the *accident*—had happened. A blurred vision of her father's face appeared before her; his sarcastic voice —"Fools!" But Nona was waiting, breathlessly, her eyes like twin stars. Her eyes said, plainly, "Hurry and read! You can't fail to see now!"

With her lips compressed, Gaetha read the rest of the poem. Never had she felt less inclined to open her mind to receive light—but at the last verse she suddenly halted, re-read it and then read it again, with a swift intaking of breath that drew Nona's attention and heightened her excitement.

" * * * day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny—
God knoweth why!"

The paper fell from Gaetha's hand. Nona's clutched it tightly.

"Isn't it, Aunt Gaetha Isn't it just right?" she demanded. And then without waiting for an answer, she went on eagerly: "It's so lovely—so beautiful—and it fits you so exactly. You *wanted* to believe—that was your heart saying you do really believe. And all those other things you'd been told—they were only 'lips denying.' This explains everything—but let's not talk

any more now, I can wait—I'm so sure, anyway, you wouldn't need to tell me at all, only that I want to hear you say it.—But I want to sleep now—I *can* sleep now; Aunt Gaetha, you've no idea how tired I am!"

With a sigh she closed her eyes; but her smile lingered as she fell asleep. Gaetha experienced a final moment of overwhelming fear, which was calmed as she noticed Nona's easy, regular breathing.

The doctor re-entered the room, looked closely at his patient, and his gravity relaxed somewhat. He gave a few brief instructions, which Gaetha hardly heard, and withdrew.

Gaetha looked again at the slip of paper which she had again picked up. And suddenly there was a rush of blinding tears.

"She was hurrying to me—with this—oh, my darling! 'The heart lives by that faith the lips deny'—God in Heaven, if you *are* there, let me know it somehow! Don't let this child's sweet efforts be in vain. If my heart 'lives by faith—'" Gaetha stopped, in wonderment. She was praying—from the depths of her heart; not mechanically, not even consciously, but confidently, as one who asks a boon from a Giver who will, without doubt, generously bestow. She felt a warm glow enveloping her; was it the "flame" being fanned, as Nona had said? Stifling a sob lest it awaken the beautiful sleeper before her, she fell to her knees beside the bed.

"Oh, my Father—I have wanted Thee so—I have wanted Thee so!" she whispered, as a child might have done. "Never let me lose Thee again—" her hand crept out and closed over Nona's—did she stir? No—except that there was surely a faint answering pressure of the slim fingers! Gaetha bent forward until her head rested beside Nona's on the pillow. She felt no discomfort in her position; it seemed that physical sense was lost in that wonderful spiritual peace which encompassed her. Still kneeling, and smiling still, she fell asleep.

* * * * * * *

* * * The western sky was aflame with amethyst and rose, flecked with clouds that seemed like billows of silver and violet shot with darts of gold. Long shadows crept over the fields and lawns where fallen leaves were strewn, turning brown and withering in the path of oncoming winter. Gaetha Langley watched it from her doorway, drinking in the beauty of it with a glorious sense of comprehension and reverence.

She did not realize that a man had entered the gate and come up the walk, until his voice roused her from her reverie:

"Evening, Mrs. Langley. How's the Nona girl getting along?"

"Splendidly, Mr. Barlow, thank you," Gaetha answered. "The doctor says she'll be around again very soon now."

"Glad to hear it—glad to hear it. My, it was a close call, Mrs. Langley. Miracle she's come through, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is indeed. We are very thankful."

"Well, we'll all join with you in thankfulness, Mrs. Langley—Well, I'll be getting on. Just passing—thought I'd inquire. Fine crops this year, aren't there?"

"Yes, indeed. The harvest is abundant," the woman replied as if in a trance. Mr. Barlow turned back towards the street, reflecting that Mrs. Langley talked a bit queer and bookish-like, but then she always had been sort of odd. At the gate he glanced back. He thought that the woman on the porch was watching him, and walked a bit straighter and swifter because of the thought.

* * * But Gaetha, though her face was turned that way, saw him not at all. For she was thinking how, from her sowing of seeds of "comforting faith" in the little Nona, had sprung this amazing, glorious harvest for herself. And though she was joyously aware of the beauty of the landscape and of the sky, she had no words to express her pleasure, because all her words were busy with her thoughts, and together they had traveled far away—far, far, even beyond the sunset.

Soil for Potted Plants

By Dr. Thomas L. Martin

A pleasant occupation for the winter time and one that pays big dividends in artistic appreciation and home comfort is that of growing potted plants in the home. Some find no trouble in growing a good, healthy plant, while others find it quite a task. The flower pot is small when one considers the amount of top growth. The root system is rather elaborate and draws heavily upon the sustenance within the soil; it is important, therefore, that the soil be the right kind and well supplied with the fertility required.

There are certain ways in which soils for potted plants may be prepared. A few suggestions are as follows:

Take one part of an ordinary garden-loam soil, one part of turfy material from the lower part of a pasture sod, and one part of well rotted manure and sand, half and half, and mix well together. This should constitute a good, rich, friable soil for the growth of house plants. The soil must be loose and friable, should drain easily and not crust when water is applied. The above mixture answers these requirements.

In the midst of the firs and spruces in our canyons, one may find forest mold. If the surface two inches is scraped away and the balance for twelve inches collected, one may secure a fine quality of soil for potting purposes. The first two inches contain many spiny leaves, which, during the first stages of decomposition, give off a number of poisons detrimental to plants; this is the reason for the removal of the surface.

Soils may be prepared quite readily during spare periods. In the spring, after grass has begun to grow well, remove the sod of an old blue-grass pasture, where soil is rich and deep. Cut the sod into strips a foot wide and three inches thick and place in thin layers; then place on top two or three inches of well rotted manure. Repeat until the soil is three to five feet high. Keep it wet for two or three years, then cut a slice through and mix with a little sand. Do this whenever new soil is needed. This will furnish, on hand at any time, a most excellent flower-pot soil.

In the preparation of flower pot soil it is well to use manure. Cow-yard manure is really the best. Secure it when it is old and friable. Fresh manure should never be used, its physical effect for flower pot soils being detrimental. Hen manure is too strong, and horse manure heats too much. A little ground bone mixed with the soil is good. Also, when the plants are growing and show signs of paleness, they may be revived by the addition of a little ammonium sulphate at the rate of about one-half ounce to a gallon of water, added at the time of watering the plant. Paleness may be due to root binding. If this is the case, the plant must be removed to a larger pot. However, removal may be postponed awhile by the addition of a little ammonium sulphate.

These are suggestions for keeping the plants in our homes in a healthy state. Many people are interested in this daily chore and these hints should prove helpful to them.

God's Garden

By Merling D. Clyde

Little yellow violets
On a grassy hill,
Blue and white for-get-me-nots
Growing with a will;
Dainty little blossoms
Lowly on the sod,
Spreading gracious beauty,
Tended just by God.

Notes from the Field

By Amy Brown Lyman

Union Stake.

Three prospective Relief Society members arrived in Baker City January 20, in the persons of Mary Ellen, Margaret Lorraine and Mildred Linett, who were triplets born to Mrs. Ada Knowles Gray, an active Relief Society worker. The mother and babies are getting on nicely, and Union stake is proud of Mrs. Gray's contribution to the future membership of the Relief Society.

California Mission. (*Monterey Branch*)

CAST OF "THE RED LAMP," MONTEREY RELIEF SOCIETY

Miss Eva Gunther, a local missionary, writes that the Monterey Relief Society, which is a new branch, has fewer than 15 members. These members are energetic, however, and are accomplish-

ing much for the organization as well as for the Church in that locality. Through their helpfulness to those in need, they have become a valuable asset to the community. During the Christmas holidays a bazaar was held, and a play, "The Red Lamp," was presented. The entertainment proved to be most successful both financially and as an aid in the spread of missionary work. Friends who attended were so well pleased with it that they expressed not only a desire to become better acquainted with this special phase of the work, but also with the Gospel itself. These people had heard the teaching of the missionaries, but the realization that the principles are practiced has been impressed upon their minds through the Relief Society.

Northern States Mission. (Cincinnati Branch)

CINCINNATI RELIEF SOCIETY

The Cincinnati Relief Society has been a success ever since its organization, January 11, 1920, when it was a branch of the Southern States mission. Two years ago Ohio was added to the Northern States mission. In December last year the Society held a bazaar, which brought over $100 net profit. Many sick and needy were assisted during the year, yet the yearly report showed $106 still in the treasury. The lessons as outlined in the *Relief Society Magazine* are followed strictly, and have proved their worth. The *Magazine* is greatly valued for the excellence of its contents. The Society meets every Tuesday evening. The attendance is good, the harmony excellent. Many of the members have a long way

to go, Cincinnati, like ancient Rome, being built upon seven hills. As a consequence there are many tiresome ups and downs, and those who live across the Ohio River have to pay bridge toll each way; and yet, in all kinds of weather, they come. The Society has been favored with two visits by Mrs. Rachel G. Taylor, president of the Relief Societies of the Northern States mission, and her timely instructions and counsels have resulted in much good.

The officers of the organization are seated in the front row of the picture. Reading from left to right, they are: Rosa Bang, 1st counselor; Christine Anderson, president; Bessie Horton, 2nd counselor; Lula Carpenter, secretary-treasurer.

Uintah Stake.

With a view of increasing subscriptions to the *Relief Society Magazine,* the stake board offered as a prize to the ward having the largest percent of its members as subscribers, six Relief Society song books. Three of the wards were tied, each having two subscriptions more than actual members. The board joyfully awarded each of these three wards six song books.

Fremont Stake. (In Memoriam)

Mrs. Sarah Jane Wilson Tempest, better known as "Grandma" Tempest, ended her useful career on January 9, 1928, at the age of 86. A faithful worker in the ward Relief Society, she was for many years its presiding officer. She formerly worked with the Y. L. M. I. A., as counselor, and held other church offices. "She was a real friend, a true christian, a faithful Latter-day Saint." Many of the white-haired grandmothers who attended the funeral remembered "Grandma" Tempest when they were children, and when their parents or other dear relatives were ill or were laid away and they needed sympathy and help. Some of these had been her neighbors for over 40 years. Mrs. Tempest's life has been varied and interesting. She was born in Stockport, England, and was blessed when a babe by Apostle Parley P. Pratt. Her parents afterwards went to Cadiz, Spain, where her father supervised a cotton mill. Afterward, returning to Hull, England, she was baptized at Grimsby by Elder Seymour B. Young in 1857. The family moved to Halifax, where she married a John Smith, by whom she had one child, Walter Smith, now a prominent citizen and a member of the Baptist church in Halifax, England. This marriage proved unhappy, and a separation followed. She left her native land on the sailing vessel "John Bright" in 1866. On her way to Utah she stopped at Nebraska City, where she resided for some time and met and married Phineas Tempest. Eight children were the result of this union. Funeral services were held for Mrs. Tempest in the First Ward church, which was beautifully decorated; and 16 flower girls laden with beautiful flowers from Utah, California, and Idaho bore evidence of the love of relatives and friends.

Guide Lessons for June

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in June)

THE DISPENSATION OF THE FULNESS OF TIMES

Project of the Dispensation

Introduction.

In the last lesson we discussed briefly some of the evident objectives of the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times. If our Theology teaches any one thing more than another, that one thing is that there is purpose in everything. When Dr. Karl G. Maeser said, "The Lord does nothing arbitrarily," he put in new form the statement of the Prophet Joseph Smith, "All kingdoms have a law." Even the accidents are governed by law; and it is upon the knowledge of this fact that insurance companies draw their lines of safety.

We now come to the consideration of projects of the dispensation. These are means and ways of reaching ends or objectives. The Kingdom of God is no pastime institution; it is a kingdom of projects. Purpose and project are the legs of the giant progress; they are the wings of the eagle of onwardness. It is better to leave projects for one's posterity than to leave them plenty to live on. Individuals without projects drift downward; a people without projects perish. In each and all of the dispensations, the Lord has provided project work and has led his people to initiating projects.

Project One. The Production of the Book of Mormon.

A major project of several put on foot to reach the great purpose of flooding the world with light, such as the missionary project, the publication project, and the radio project of speeding the Gospel.

Comparatively few agents were instrumental in putting over this first project; but what a work they accomplished! They gave to the world what was once derisively called the "Golden Bible;" but now, after a century of the severest test of fitness to survive, the book is spoken of with pride as the "American Bible," and declared to be one of the most famous books of this enlightened age.

This product of the first project of the dispensation is a miracle in print; its production is a puzzle to the world, and ours

is the duty to study it; teach it to our children, speed it on its way as a complement of the Bible in the correction of error and the spreading of truth. Thereby we become joint heirs in the blessings of its production, under the irrevocable law that—To appreciate is next to having produced.

Project Two. The Organizing and Building up of the Church.

Preparatory to the launching of this project, the Lord sent angels to commission men to speak and act for Him; and then under His special instructions the organization of the church was effected. The project was begun on Tuesday, the sixth day of April, eighteen hundred and thirty, and on that day sufficiently completed to give the church institutional standing with God and man. The divine authority with which the work was done, gave it divine standing, and the compliance with the law gave it legal human standing; but it took many years to complete the organization of the priesthood; and now, as it nears the end of the first century of its existence, the church has not reached its end in auxiliary organization.

The charter members of the organization that has become a marvel and a wonder and is to endure forever were: Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, Hyrum Smith, Peter Whitmer, Jr., David Whitmer, and Samuel H. Smith.

In the building up of the Church, man has not been left alone; messengers from on high have helped. We are in the project of building it up—building beautiful homes, holy temples, edifices for worship, education, and recreation.

Project Three. Building Latter-day Saint Christian Character.

From the first the training of youth has been an outstanding feature of this dispensation. The training of the Prophet Joseph Smith was a good one. The Lord had promised to "save up a seer." He used parents, and the parents used the word of God. Putting the scriptures into the hands of the boy was putting his hands onto the iron rod that led to the tree of life.

The foundation of L. D. S. Christian character is belief in Christ; belief in him as the son of God and the Resurrected Redeemer; belief in him as an ideal; belief in him and his Father as reachable sources of help, through prayer, as Joseph Smith did. So, then, our project is to build a believing character; led to prayer by belief; guided to the temple by belief; drawn into missionary service by belief; led to tithe-paying by belief; inspired into Christian conduct through belief; and made a bundle of Christian habits through belief and its complement—Christian conduct. The indispensable agencies for the putting over of this project are: the Christian home, the Christian Church, the Christian school. The L. D. S. youth of the dispensation is entitled to the help of these three agencies in the building of his character. We are

almost appalled at the importance of early religious character building, the foundation of which is belief in God; and to neglect it is to assume a fearful responsibility.

Project Four. The Work for the Dead.

In this project men and women come close to the line of redemption chains and tying knots of love. If all the dead one works for should reject the work done for them, still would the worker be richly paid; because trying to save is as heroic as saving. A dollar sent to the temple is like one spent to keep a boy on a mission; it goes in the service of salvation.

If our eyes were adjusted to spiritual waves, what signals for help might we see over there; and if our ears were spiritually attuned, what songs of gladsome gratitude might we hear for what we do for them who cannot help themselves.

Questions and Problems

1. Distinguish between a purpose and a project.
2. Name the projects set forth in this lesson.
3. What is our duty concerning the book that was the product of the first great project of the dispensation?
4. Name the workers in the project (a) mortal; (b) immortal.
5. To what point was the organization of the Church completed on the sixth of April, 1830?
6. Name the six charter members of the Church.
7. Give evidence that the organization of the priesthood of the Church was years in being completed. (See Essentials in Church History, by Joseph Fielding Smith, p. 84.)
8. Make as complete a list as you can of the names of beings who have taken part in the projects of this dispensation and state the special mission of as many as you can. (See D. & C. 13, heading; 128:20-21; 110:3, 11-13.)
9. What evidence have we that many angels other than those of record have taken part in the project of this dispensation? (D. & C. 128:21.)
10. Who was Raphael? (See Commentary Doctrine and Covenants, pp. 998, 999.)
11. What are the beliefs and the conduct that make up Latter-day Saint Christian Character? (Articles of Faith, 1 and 13.)
12. What fearful responsibility is assumed by neglecting to teach and train children? (See D. & C. 68:25, 28.)
13. What great project of the dispensation points to the necessity of a skilled genealogist in every family?
14. Discuss: Our salvation depends on our interest in the salvation of the dead. (See D. & C. 128:15.)
15. Discuss *"What is Life Without a Project?"*

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in June)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR JUNE—THE HOME

Music in the Home

"To hear the highest music is to be made immediately conscious of our nobler self. The interest that music arouses is the interest that attaches itself to every human heart; and the love of which it speaks is the love which proclaims the kinship of humanity."—*Colvin McAlpin.*

1. The cultural value of good music.
   As a people we should:
   a. Concern ourselves with music of real worth.
   b. Provide the best musical instruments we can afford.
   c. Acquire gradually a good musical library.
   d. Cultivate the power to be appreciative and intelligent listeners.
   e. Create an abundant love for the best music, and a will to participate in it.

2. Interest in singing and playing, and attendance at concerts, grow naturally from a progressive experience of music gained in childhood and continued into adult years.
   a. We should stimulate playing and singing in our homes and communities.
   b. Cultivate a love of hymns and good songs.
   c. Get the message the words convey.
   d. Emphasize the beauty of "part" singing.

3. If we improve the quality of our music both vocal and instrumental, it will arouse in us a love for and an interest in music and lay the foundations of a cultivated musical taste.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in June)

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

When we considered Eugene Field's "Little Boy Blue," we told you that it is a well-nigh perfect poem of its class. As we study the writings of William Henry Drummond, the Canadian, we shall discover that some of his poems also approach perfection. He has interpreted the genre or simple life of eastern Canada as only one of his gifts is able to do. His pen pictures may be compared to the pen-pictures of Robert Burns in Scotland, for they are pictures of the peasant life of Canada. They may also be compared to the paintings of the great French artist, Millet, who painted the homely life of the French peasant and gave us undying masterpieces. These paintings in verse by William Henry Drummond, are like Millet's paintings—masterpieces. His most popular book of verse is *The Habitant and other French-Canadian Poems,* a volume that describes the people of eastern Canada.

He was born in the village of Mohill County, Lartim, Ireland, on the 13th of April, 1854. When he was a lad his father lived in the little village of Tawley on the Bay Donegal. It was in this village that the poet's education began. While yet a lad the family moved to Canada, where the father survived only a few months, leaving but spare means for the support of his wife and children. As a result, William Henry had to leave school at a very tender age, to help provide for the family. He had learned telegraphy and was employed at Borde a Plouffe, a small village on the prairies near Montreal. It was here that he first came in contact with the speech and customs of the habitant, whom he has portrayed with such sympathy and penetration.

Apparently, the Drummonds, like many another pioneer family, managed well, for the boy was able to attend high school in Montreal, and later McGill University, and finally Bishop's College, where he was graduated an M. D. in 1884. The sympathy that breathes from his poetry is so kindly in its nature that it makes us think of Dr. Holmes, and we must believe of Dr. Drummond as of Dr. Holmes, that he perhaps cured as much by his good humor and kindly interest as he ever did with his medicine. He practiced in the district about Brome, returning later to the city of Montreal, where he resided until his death, which occurred in 1907. He was the type of man who wins

hearts, so that those who knew him wept at his demise with those who loved him best.

He had married in 1894, Miss Mae Harvey of Savannah la Mar, Jamaica. It is to his wife that we are indebted for the story of his first appearance as a poet. He had been invited by the Shakespeare Club of Montreal to read a poem. He was very timid, but he won his audience as men of his type are almost sure to do. This was the beginning of a long series of triumphs.

It is not always true that dialect adds to the quality of poetry as in the case of the French-Canadian dialect, but certain it is that this dialect has a charm about it that eludes description. For instance, take one of the most popular of Mr. Drummond's poems, "Little Bateese."

LITTLE BATEESE

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'pere
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough,
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow,
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall,
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer tonight?
Never min', I s'pose it'll be all right,
Say dem tomorrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
And he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane,
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do,
For he's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare,
An' do w'at you lak wit' your old gran'pere,
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!

Another poem of similar charm to "Little Bateese" is "De Nice Leetle Canadienne."

De Nice Leetle Canadienne

You can pass on de worl' w'ever you lak,
Tak' de steamboat for go Angleterre,
Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back,
An' go all de place, I don't care—
Ma frien', dat's a fack, I know you will say,
W'en you come on dis contree again,
Dere's no girl can touch, w'at we see ev'ry day,
De nice leetle Canadienne.

Don't matter how poor dat girl she may be,
Her dress is so neat an' so clean,
Mos' ev'rywan t'ink it was mak' on Paree,
An' she wear it, wall! jus' lak de Queen.
Den come for fin' out she is mak' it herself,
For she ain't got moche monee for spen',
But all de sam' tam, she was never get lef',
Dat nice leetle Canadienne.

W'en 'un vrai Canayen' is mak' it mariee,
You t'ink he go leev on beeg flat
An' bodder hese'f all de tam, night an' day,
Wit' housemaid, an' cook, an all dat?
Not moche, ma dear frien', he tak' de maison,
Cos' only nine dollar or ten,
W'ere he leev lak blood rooster, an' save de l'argent,
Wit' hees nice leetle Canadienne.

I marry ma famme w'en I'm jus' twenty year,
An' now we got fine familee
Dat skip roun' de place lak leetle small deer,
No smarter crowd you never see—
An' I t'ink as I watch dem all chasin' about,
Four boy an' six girl, she mak' ten,
Dat's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out,
Of de nice leetle Canadienne.

O she's quick, an' she's smart, an' got plaintee heart,
If you know correc' way go about,
An' if you don't know, she soon tole you so,
Den tak' de firs' chance an' get out;
But if she love you, I spik it for true,
She will mak' it more beautiful den,
An' sun on de sky can't shine lak de eye
Of dat nice leetle Canadienne.

We are including in the lesson the following paragraphs from Logan and French, because we think them especially illuminating:

"William Henry Drummond, like the *dramatis personae* of his poems, the *Voyageur and Habitant*, was a 'child of nature.' No other kind of man, save this large-bodied, warm-hearted, open-minded lover of human kin and of the creatures that live in the wild, who saw and felt the common things of life, as the *habitant* saw and felt them, could have been a truthful interpreter of the *habitant*. The merely scholarly poet, the poet of a hot-house refinement, the poet who went to work at the craftmanship of poetry as if he were carving arabesques in verse, could not have the imaginative insight into the mind and heart of the French-Canadian peasant and the sympathy with him that would make it possible for such a poet, with kindly, playful humor, to express the elemental feelings and thoughts—the real humanity—of the *habitant*.

"Drummond was above all things a human poet. His sympathies were inclusive. By intuition he could feel just as the *habitant* felt about good and evil in the universe. Drummond's heart was warm and large and religious, which meant that he could call nothing that was made in the image of God common or outcast. Though he was well read in the modern poets and was a student of literature, he was not a bookish man. He distinguished between the literature which possessed only aesthetic and artistic beauties and that which was the embodiment of the finer goods of the spirit, the inalienable satisfactions of existence. He loved only the literature that was human and beautiful—simple, pure, and true.

"As, then a 'child of nature', with a large sympathetic heart and a Keltic vision of the 'divinity' which is in all men and also in the wild creatures that are near to Nature, and with a gift of ready expression in rhythmical verse, Drummond was uniquely fitted to be the interpreter of his simple, kindly, reticent, but genuinely human and sincere, fellow-being, the Canadian *habitant*. Thus singularly fitted to be, as he has been called, 'the Poet of the Habitant.' Drummond, in his verse, actually performed a social and a literary service for his country. On the social side, to the English-speaking Canadian, who up to the last decade of the 19th century, considered the *habitant* as little better than a chattel, Drummond revealed the human, lovable, and admirable virtues of the humble French-speaking compatriot, and also engendered in the English-speaking Canadian a sincere respect and affection for his French-speaking fellow countryman. On the literary side, Drummond created a gallery of *genre* pictures and spiritual portraits which constitute a unique contribution, not only to Canadian poetic literature, but also to English literature."

Other poems of William Henry Drummond are "The Wreck of the 'Julie Plante', A Legend of Lac St. Pierre," "Johnnie Courteau" and "Madaliene Vercheres." They may be found in a book called *Canadian Poets*, edited by John W. Garvin. If you chance to have it in your local libraries you can make use of it.

Questions and Problems

1. What was Drummond's nationality and what his profession?

2. Do you recall any other persons of his profession that are also writers?

3. Where did he find the people of whom he writes so charmingly?

4. Words from what two languages are mingled to produce the very pleasing effect that we have in Drummond's poetry?

5. These people are people of simple lives and rather narrow opportunities! Does Drummond make us care more or less for them through his presentation of their lives?

6. What mental picture, based on Drummond's description, did you get of the "Leetle Canadienne"?

7. What is your mental picture of Bateese's gran'pere? How does he resemble all good grandfathers that you have ever known?

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in June)

THE CHILD-STUDY COURSE

The Social Traits of Childhood and Youth

(Based on Chapter 6, "The Child: His Nature and His Needs")

In the last lesson we considered the child's moral equipment. There we noted the established principles of a new movement in education—character development.

The subject matter of the present lesson—"The Social Traits of Childhood and Youth"—should be considered in the light of the preceding lesson, because the two topics are merely different aspects of the same thing.

The author this time, Dr. Frederick E. Bolton, is professor of education at the University of Washington. He is another recognized authority on psychology and child study.

A.—Gregariousness and Imitation

(Pages 107-114)

Perhaps the most striking thing about human beings is their close dependence upon one another. It is more than the "herd instinct," i. e., the desire to congregate in groups: it grows out of the fact that we are so completely dependent upon one another, not only as children, but as adults. This fact makes for suggestibility and imitativeness in children.

Several facts are specifically responsible for the child's imitativeness, among which might be noted: (a) the long period of immaturity, with (b) its consequent suggestibility, and (c) the imperative need to grow up quickly and become an adult.

Language is the best illustration of how these factors concretely operate. The child acquires his fundamental language behavior by a process similar to contagion. That is, he "catches" the language behavior of those who make up his immediate social world—his parents, brothers and sisters, playmates, etc. It is this fact which determines whether or not he shall speak English or Chinese; use proper words or inappropriate ones; use "baby talk" and so on. So that by the time the average child enters the first grade, his language habits are set and his future language behavior is practically determined.

How important then, that the young child shall be exposed only to good models of English? It is just as easy for a child to imitate correct models of speech as it is to copy poor ones.

Questions

1. Could a child of German parentage, for example, learn to

speak English just as easily as he could learn to speak German, providing he heard nothing but English? Explain.

2. How far is it true that "baby talk" develops only by imitation?

3. If a child's language habits develop largely as the result of imitation, how far is it also true that he gets his moral and religious ideas in the same way?

4. Study the language habits of a number of young children accessible to you, noting (a) their choice of words, (b) the size of their vocabularies (c) their use of slang, "baby talk," etc. Note particularly the extent to which these traits have been developed by imitation.

B.—Gangs

(Pages 114-121)

The wish for recognition is without doubt one of the strongest drives in human nature. Since man's struggle for existence has ceased to be a hand to hand encounter with enemies and destructive forces, and survival has become largely a social matter, recognition has become an indispensable element in human happiness.

Since society and the groups which make it up, can give or withhold recognition, it is very clear why we all readily conform to group sentiment and group control.

The meaning of this fact for education should be clear. Parents, teachers, and social leaders should be concerned to provide children with many and various opportunities for securing membership in groups with harmless and helpful social purposes. If the child is left to his own devices, it very often happens that he associates with an anti-social group.

Questions

1. How do the children known to you satisfy their wish for recognition? Study the gangs, cliques, "crushes," etc., known to your community.

2. Consider Scouting, the M. I. A., and the Primary Association from this point of view.

3. How can society regulate, if it should, the group affiliations of children without supervising such groups and therefore destroying one of the desirable aspects from the standpoint of the child?

C.—Sex Education

(Pages 121-124)

In view of the fact that one entire lesson next year is to be devoted to the Adolescent Period of Sex Education, we recommend

that class leaders omit the discussion of sex education which appears in the text at this point.

D.—Adolescence and Citizenship
(Pages 124-131)

It is common knowledge that adolescence is a period of profound character change. At this time, children seem to reach the threshold of adulthood suddenly.

The religious zeal which commonly appears at this time is one of the evidences of the extreme hopefulness of youth. Religious leaders will do well to capitalize the energies of the adolescent boy or girl in the interest of his or her character development. In an age of science and utilitarianism this is not easy to do. It is an art. An over-dose of religion at this time may deter the individual from what would otherwise be a wholesome religious life.

The altruism of youth is another outstanding trait of adolescence. Youth is essentially idealistic and optimistic. Why not, then, give youth more opportunities than they customarily enjoy to participate in community projects and social-service enterprises?

Elaborating the author's splendid suggestions at this point, why could we not engage the energies of our "Mormon" youth in an attack upon local problems of poverty, delinquency, political incompetence, and mental disorder?

Some competent observers believe that modern youth is wasting its energies because parents too jealously guard their control in society. Since no generation has solved all of the human ills "the flesh is heir to," and since the present generation in the saddle has all, and probably more, than it can handle, might it not be an advantage all around if we gave youth an opportunity to create and extend our cultural traditions?

Questions

1. To what extent do boys and girls in your community become profoundly religious upon reaching adolescence? Do these young men and women continue in this zeal?
2. To what extent do the adolescent boys and girls in your community participate in community activities and civic projects? What oportunities might be offered to them so to participate?
3. What happens (a) religiously, (b) morally, (c) vocationally, to the boys and girls who grow up in your community?
4. Make a list of boys and girls who were adolescent in your community ten or fifteen years ago. What has happened to members of this group? Where are they located? What are they doing? Are they active Latter-day Saints? Are they useful citizens?

Perennial Flowers

Plant Now

You will enjoy our splendid assortment of more than 100 choice varieties of hardy perennial plants for Spring planting. Just note the following offer:

P.-W's selection of one each 12 best everblooming perennials. All for $2.50, postpaid.

Everything else in Seeds, Plants, Shrubs and Trees.

GET FREE CATALOG

PORTER-WALTON CO.

42 West First South
Salt Lake City, Utah

CONSERVATIVE INVESTMENTS

28 years experience specializing in high grade investments.

Send for our list of recommendations

EDWARD L. BURTON & CO.

160 So. Main Wasatch 866

SCOWCROFT'S Blue Pine Preserves

Are composed of only pure fruit and sugar cooked together in an open kettle just as you would make preserves in your own home.

For something special ask your grocer for SCOWCROFT'S Blue Pine Raspberry Preserve. It has the flavor of fresh berries.

Kitchen King Jam

Is composed of pure fruit, sugar and pectin in proper proportions to make a delicious jam. Try Kitchen King Raspberry Jam for a delicious spread.

Special Sale of VANITY Full Fashioned Hosiery

42 GUAGE, OF FINEST SILK

An all over silk chiffon stocking—a real $1.95 value at the special price of $1.59. Box of three pair $4.55.

Extra heavy service weight, silk to welt. Mercerized heel and toe. A real value at $1.95, special price of $1.59, a box of three pair $4.55.

A semi-chiffon stocking, silk to welt. Mercerized heel and toe. A real value at $1.85, special price $1.49, box of three pair $4.25.

All new goods. All the new shades.

Mail orders filled.

On sale.

Glazier & Taylor Hosiery Co.

33 East Broadway

VANITY HOSIERY SHOPPE

22 East Broadway

What is FLAVOR ZONE Electric Cooking ?

See the

WESTINGHOUSE Automatic Electric Ranges

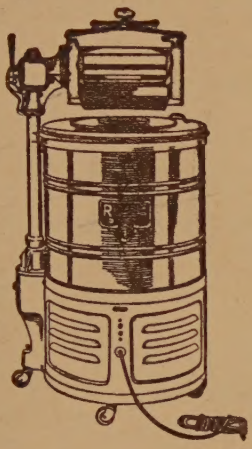
in our store—and let us tell you all about it.

Utah Power & Light Co.

Efficient Public Service

THE NEW

FAST ROTAREX GYRATOR WASHER



SPEEDY
Smooth, Silent
Performance

STURDY
CONSTRUCTION

HANDSOME
APPEARANCE

AMAZING
LOW PRICE

These Features
in the NEW
ROTAREX
Will Astonish You
EASY TERMS

THE UNEXCELLED ROTAREX WASHING ACTION

The "dome-like" agitator (no center post), with its washing paddle and clothes-pusher, semi-turns in a half-circle movement 62 times a minute, imparting a rotation of the clothes being washed, and giving proper attention to every garment or other piece. In from five to eight minutes a six-pound batch of laundry may be beautifully and cleanly washed. There is a minimum of wear in the Rotarex WG6 washing action and the daintiest things may be intrusted to it without fear of their being damaged. The absence of a center post eliminates the wrapping of clothes and strings.

ASK FOR FREE HOME TRIAL

Inter-Mountain Electric Co.

43-69 East 4th South DISTRIBUTORS Phone Was. 354

Wedding Bells

Always Ring in June

Our advice to those who may be concerned:

Right now is the time to decide who will make your Announcements or Invitations. You should entrust this work to a firm that assures you the newest in style and correctness in taste.

See us now or send for samples and prices of Printed, New Process Embossed or Engraved Wedding Stationery.

Our Line of Social Stationery is Complete and Prices Right

The Deseret News Press

29 Richards Street
SALT LAKE CITY

MRS ANNIE M JOHANSON
SILVER CITY UTAH
EXP DEC

INVESTIGATE BEFORE INVESTING

BELDING-HALL
ElectrICE
Self-Defrosting

BEFORE INVESTING, INVESTIGATE

ElectrICE can guarantee greater efficiency with far less power consumption. There are only two moving parts.

ElectrICE was TESTED for wear and loss in efficiency, after operating continuously for over 26,000 hours, and came through 100%. This is equal to 12 years' actual service in your home. Can any other Refrigerator show such a record?

ElectrICE is the product of the greatest manufacturing combination in the world; Belding-Hall and American Radiator Companies.

Let us **PROVE** to you that there are certain features, which are absolutely necessary in maintaining perfect refrigeration, and also that these great advantages are only found in the—

SELF DEFROSTING

ElectrICE

GUARANTEED TO BE THE MOST EFFICIENT—THE MOST ECONOMICAL

ELECTRICE SHOP

Phone Wasatch 7083 135 East Second South

REFRIGERATION SALES CORPORATION

—Distributors—
Salt Lake City, Utah